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CONTENTS

6

YOU FUCK, I'LL WATCH

These Generous Guys Will Let You Bang Their Babes!

18

COCK STROKERS & PUSSY POKERS

Masturbatory Missives From Watchers & Whackers!

30

MENAGE MANIA

Lots of Lovin' With Three Partners Or More!

42

SAPPHIC SEDUCTION

She Fixed My Problem Lickety Split!

52

PUT MY MEAT WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS

Lips & Tongues Will Make You Cum!

62

INVASION OF THE MILFS

Kinky Cougars & Horny Housewives Who Love To Fuck

90

SLIT-LICKIN' LESBIANS

These Chicks Prefer Tits & Twats



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EDITOR'S PAGE

Welcome to another issue where our readers confess their sordid sins to help get your juices flowing. Make yourself comfortable and get off as you hear sexy confessions on lesbian lust, from horny MILFs, peeping Toms, blowjob queens, and masturbating maven just like you. Have a naughty story of your own to tell? Send it in and let your pleasure, bring pleasure!

FOX LETTERS

210 Route 4 East
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YOU FUCK, I'LL WATCH

THESE GENEROUS GUYS WILL LET YOU BANG THEIR BABES!

VOYEUR HUBBY

My first husband was a jealous bastard. If he caught me so much as looking at another man, he'd fly into a rage. After our divorce, I decided that my next spouse would have to be a little more tolerant.

George was the perfect choice. He's almost the exact opposite of my ex. In fact, he likes it when I fool around with other men — at least when I let him watch!

The first time came as a complete surprise to me. I was waiting for George at a bar one evening after work when a handsome young hunk came up to my table and introduced himself as Ted.

George showed up about five minutes later, and Ted was all set to fade into the woodwork. But my new husband could tell how attracted I was to this young stud, so he invited him out to dinner with us. Afterwards, we all went back to our place for a nightcap.

While George was in the kitchen mixing drinks, Ted and I snuck in a few hasty caresses. I opened my eyes in mid-kiss to see my husband walking into the room with a tray in his hand and a grin on his face.

"I'm glad to see that you two are getting along so well," he said. "Why don't we take these drinks into the bedroom and we will see what develops?"

Ted seemed to take it right in stride. As for me, I was a little nervous, but I wasn't about to miss out on the opportunity to get laid by such a handsome stud, especially if my hubby approved.

We trooped into the bedroom. George took a seat at my desk while Ted and I kissed deeply. His fingers outlined my tits through my blouse. Then he unbuttoned it slowly and unsnapped my bra. His thumbs fiddled with my nipples until they tingled with desire.

When I looked over at my husband, I gasped in surprise. He had dropped his pants and had his cock in his hand. As I watched, he began jacking off.

I grabbed hold of Ted's firm buns and pulled him tightly against me. I could feel his firm cock pressing into my belly. It felt like he had a big one, and when I reached into his fly, I found out that I was right.

Ted unzipped my skirt and yanked down my panties. He dropped to his knees in front of me, inhaling the musky scent of my pussy. When his tongue darted out to tease my pussylips, I had to grab his broad shoulders to keep my balance.

He was quite a talented cuntlapper. I hunched my hips back and forth to meet every thrust of his tongue. The tip plunged deep into my hole, then licked upward to flick my clit. Before long, I was quivering as my climax approached.

I fell back onto the bed and Ted followed, his tongue probing me deeply. It all was so exciting, being licked by this talented young hunk while my husband watched and jacked off.

Finally, the sensations overwhelmed me. I groaned and twitched as my frothy



30437

love juice oozed out onto his tongue. Ted shucked his pants and climbed up onto the bed beside me. He rolled me over onto my side and lifted my top leg. His cock pressed against my slit from behind, and I gasped as he fit his knob between my labes. When the rest of his shaft followed, it felt so good that I thrust my ass back at him to drive him balls-deep in my hole.

I glanced over at my husband. He was watching intently, and from the way his hand was flying up and down his cock, I could tell that he was enjoying the show.

Ted's strokes were slow and easy in the beginning, just the way I like it. Then, after my motor got purring, he began balling me doggy-style. His cock slammed into my pussy at an incredible pace, and I slapped my buttcheeks back to meet each thrust. Before long, I felt myself rocketing off to another thrilling climax.

This time, Ted joined me. As my pussy walls spasmed around his shaft, he groaned and sank it into me one last time. I felt his cum spurting deep in my womb.

When I looked over at George, I was just in time to see the first burst of his jizz as he shot off into the air. He kept stroking as more and more cum spurted from his cock. I'd never seen him shoot so much before.

A few minutes later, we all enjoyed some much-needed refreshments. My husband gave me a deep kiss on the mouth and thanked me for giving him such a nice evening. I had to laugh at that! I had just had the living daylights fucked out of me by a gorgeous stud and George was thanking me!



The biggest surprise was yet to come, however. As we said goodbye to Ted at the door, George said he would see him tomorrow. When I asked for an explanation, he said that Ted was one of his new colleagues at the office. They had planned the whole thing!

I guess I should have been mad at my husband, but I had enjoyed the evening so much that I couldn't get angry. In fact, I enjoyed it so much that we did it again three nights later.

I glanced over at my husband. He was watching intently, and from the way his hand was flying up and down his cock, I could tell that he was enjoying the show.



Having a husband like George made me realize how wrong-headed my jealous ex was. He was always worried that I'd cheat on him, but he wouldn't have had to worry if he'd just let me fuck other guys in front of him like George does.

— Lily M., Jefferson City, MO

THRILL SEEKERS

Amy and I have been married for 10 years, and during that time our sex has declined both in frequency and intensity. We began to watch porn together to get ideas on how to spice up our own fucking, but nothing worked.

For a while, Amy would tell me stories about guys she dated before she met me. I



Letters



enjoyed hearing about those faceless strangers poking my wife with their big, hard cocks. I got hard listening to the stories of how they pulled down her panties and played with her cunt. It was fun to lie there naked with her beside me, listening to her lusty tales.

Later, we would fuck, and it would be the best sex that we'd had in months.

The night I got the hottest was when my wife confessed to me that she had given a blowjob to my friend just hours before our wedding! She said she always had the hots for Randy, and he had been pestering her to go down on him after I'd bragged about her cocksucking skills while drunk at my bachelor party.

When she finally gave in, he blew his wad all over her face, spoiling her makeup.

"But it was wonderful, and so was Randy," she said.

That story got me so horny that I got it up three times that evening. It was a wild night, believe me!

But like the guy said when he shoved his cock up a girl's ass, "All good things must come to an end." We reached a point where I'd heard all of Amy's stories a dozen times, and I just couldn't get excited about the past anymore. I did not even care when she told me about the time she asked five guys to gangbang her. We needed adrenaline to pep up our flagging passion. Amy suggested that maybe I would like to watch her get humped by another guy.

"It could be exactly what we're looking for," she said as she lay in bed beside me, rubbing my prick lovingly.

"Why's that?" I asked, wanting to hear her talk dirty.

"I bet if you sat there naked in a nice soft chair and watched some stud fuck my pussy or ass, it would work wonders for us," she said, licking her lips. "You could play with your cock while this stranger fucks me. I bet it would really heat things up."

"Would you like that?" I asked. She giggled girlishly, her long brown hair falling over her face.

"Oh, I would love it," she said. "But the best part would be after he went home and we had the bed all to ourselves. We'd be so hot that we'd set the sheets on fire!"

I liked that idea so much that I came on her hand right then and there. That was okay, though, because she immediately stuck my sperm-soaked prick in her mouth and sucked me off until I was hard enough to fuck her.

Just the thought of watching Amy get fucked by another guy made the sex unbelievable, so I couldn't even imagine how good it would be when it actually happened. We advertised on a website devoted to the sort of sex we were seeking, and after trial and error, we came up with a suitable candidate — Claude with a nice build and a big cock.

When he took it out, my wife handled it like a birthday present, oohing and ahing as she stroked it and marveled at how big it

was. He was hard and hot to trot, and when I sat naked in our easy chair, the lights turned down low, he went right to work.

He gently shoved my wife down on the bed, telling her to spread her thighs and then raise her knees high. Her face lit up as she did what she was told, her pussy wet and her nipples hard as she lay there waiting for his insertion.

Then it happened. He shoved his big cock right into my wife's box, and I saw pure joy in her eyes as she strained to get all the meat she could in her wet twat.

"Oh, you're so fucking big!" she gasped as he began to hump her hard.

I started masturbating while I watched, and suddenly my cock exploded in my hand, a big load running all over my thighs. Amy saw me and smiled sweetly as Claude continued to pummel her.

Before I could wipe the cum off, I was hard again I heard him whisper, "C'mon, baby, spread and take it all. You can do it, you sweet slut. Take every inch of my big, fat dick."

I was proud of my wife then. She spread her legs even wider and managed to take Claude's crank into her hole right to the hilt. I never knew she had so much room inside!

"Here comes a load, little lady!" he yelled, holding her hips and jetting jism deep into her guts as she screamed with pleasure.

"I love it! I love it!" she screamed as she rubbed her titties and ground her ass into the bed. "Oh, how I love it!"

After Claude left, I joined Amy in bed. She lay supine, legs spread, jizz running out of her pussy and a smile on her face.

"Did you enjoy it, dear?" I whispered.

"It was wonderful. He really reamed me out," she giggled. "Did you like it?"

"Does this answer your question?" I asked, waving my bone-hard dick at her.

I got into bed and began to suck her swollen tits, pinching her rubbery nipples between my teeth. Finally, I got between her legs, and her hips automatically went into a rolling motion as I spooned her sweaty body.

Amy alternately cursed and blessed me as I slid my pecker into her leaky slice. I'd never seen her that way, so excited and wanton. I jammed my prick deeper into her and she screamed, "Motherfucker!"

Then we began to fuck frantically, both of us panting and perspiring. Her throbbing pussy was milking my cock as I humped away, and her hips pumped so fast they were almost a blur.

She continued to lovingly curse me, the filth flying from her lips. When I finally blew my wad in her, we vowed our love for each other.

Watching my wife fuck another man was much better than hearing about it. Why live in the past when the present is so much better?

— Jake D., Shreveport, LA

NATURAL ATTRACTION

The theory that opposites attract was proven by the fact that I married Bethany and my friend Scott married her friend Rose. You'd think it would have happened the other way around.

Whenever the four of us get together, we find that we have more in common with each other's spouse than we do with our own. Bethany is an accountant and Scott is a computer programmer, so they always end up chatting about numbers. Rose is an illustrator and I'm a songwriter, so we always talk about art and music.

We often laughed about how mismatched we are. Rose and I are very touchy-feely, while Scott and my wife are more standoffish. Rose and I are so touchy-feely, in fact, that Bethany has asked me numerous times if I have the hots for Rose.

I always shrugged it off, until one evening when Bethany and I were arguing. Our libidos seemed to be totally out of sync. I was horny, and she was not in the mood. I wanted to get in a quickie before we went over to Scott and Rose's for dinner, but she wasn't having it.





Letters

On the drive there, Bethany said, "Maybe it would improve our sex life if you and Rose got it on."

The very thought had often entered my mind, but I had never mentioned it, fearful as I am of my wife's temper.

"Well, what about you and Scott?" I asked. "Don't tell me there's no attraction between you two." Bethany nodded and said she'd thought about it.

"Maybe we could try...what do they call it? Swinging?" she suggested almost shyly.

We decided when we paired off with each other's spouse as we seemingly always did, we'd each broach the subject privately and see what their reactions would be.

We did just that, and Rose's reaction was just as I thought it would be. She smiled and kissed me hard on the lips.

"What the hell took you so long?" she said.

I heard a moan from the other side of the room and turned my head to see that Scott's reaction was exactly the same as his beautiful wife's. Surprisingly, the sight of my wife kissing Scott, rubbing her lovely body against him, turned me on beyond belief! My cock, which was already bulging, pulsated in my pants.

I turned my full attention back to Rose, wanting to thoroughly savor each second of this swap for which I had hungered in my dreams for so long.

Rose is a beauty with a petite, but deliciously curvy body. My hands were all over her, feeling her soft breasts, her slender waist, her round ass and firm thighs. I inched closer and closer to her crotch, and when I rubbed her cunt through her panties, I felt moisture and warmth radiating through the thin material.

Rose glanced over at her husband and my wife and smiled. I looked over and saw that they had already pulled off their clothes and were locked in a passionate sixty-nine. My cock throbbed harder as I watched my wife grinding her pretty pussy against Scott's face while she coated his long, hard cock with saliva.

When I looked back, Rose had pulled off her blouse and was unhooking her bra. Her breasts were ripe little handfuls, rather large on her little frame. When she raised her hips off the couch and squirmed out of her panties, I thought I'd cum in my drawers. She looked even better naked than I had imagined.

I quickly got out of my clothes and lay back on the couch, looking up at Rose's succulent snatch as she straddled my face and bent forward, taking my throbbing cock in her mouth.

I had my tongue inside her in seconds. I thrilled to her sweet taste and musky scent. Her snatch was a steamy quagmire of churning juices, getting hotter and wetter by the second. Her moans vibrated through my cock, turning me on as much as the sensation of her tongue gliding along my cock.

Within a few minutes, I shot my load in her mouth and she orgasmed in mine. She drank my cum as I lapped up her juices.

The fire of passion didn't cool off a bit after our orgasms. Rose kept slurping on my tool to keep me hard, then spun around and impaled herself on it. Rising and falling on top of me with such force her breasts shook with each violent thrust she made on top of me.



I glanced over at Bethany and Scott. She was underneath him, and he was fucking her like a piledriver. She always liked being on the bottom, which is why getting fucked by Rose was such a treat. She was taking charge of the pace, working herself to another orgasm, and that excited me far more than any of my recent fucks with my wife.

Rose was a wildcat, growling and fucking me with a vengeance. I had to struggle to hold off another ejaculation. Finally, I could fight the feeling no longer, and I un-loaded inside Rose's wet cunt. Luckily, she was right on the brink herself, and the sensation of my warm spunk flooding her insides made her cum all over my spurting spike.

It felt so right to act on the attraction we held for each other, and Bethany and Scott admitted it, too.

Nowadays, spouse-swapping comes as naturally to us as eating or sleeping. It's a nice escape from the drudgery of monogamy, and we all agree that our sex lives with our significant others have improved dramatically since we started swapping.

— Dave T., Portland, OR

ALL-NIGHTER

It was a blast and a half treating David to my hot pussy. I'm certain his cock is still in a coma after last night. As for myself, it was just another night of doing what I'm best at.

The college we attend is a true party school. Everyone gets laid every night. Everyone, that is, except poor David. He's not really a nerd, but his nose is always buried in a book instead of some girl's box.

My boyfriend, Jack, is a football player, but he only managed to stay on the team because of David, his roommate. Jack doesn't have a knack for books, so he had to call on David for help. David tutored him constantly and even helped write a few term papers.

As a way of repaying him, Jack asked me for a favor. "The poor guy hasn't gotten any pussy all semester," he said. "Think you could help him out?"

"I've got more than enough pussy to go around," I replied.

We set it up late last night. Jack went out drinking with his buddies, and I crept into the dorm and slipped into the darkness of their room.

David stirred in bed, sitting up. "Is that you, Jack?"

I answered by posing at the side of his bed. His eyes widened when they adjusted to the semi-darkness.

"What's going on here?" he asked.

"I thought I'd just drop by to say hello," I said, unbuttoning my blouse to expose my boobs.

Jack told me that David always slept naked, and his dick looked like a tent pole under the sheet. It grew even bigger as I slipped off my blouse.

"Wh-Wh-What about Jack?" he stammered.

"I'm Jack's way of saying thank you for all of your hard work," I said.

David smiled, wiping the sweat from his face. I climbed into bed with him and shoved my tits into his face. Soon, he was peppering my rack with kisses.

I undid my jeans and pushed them off. I insisted on turning on all the lights so he could get a good look at me. David gaped at my pussy, so soft and furry. He stared at the juices oozing from my cunt



and licked his lips. He acted like a kid in a candy store. For all I know, I may have been his first piece of ass.

Taking his hand, I guided his fingers to my snatch, where they soon swam in my warm syrup. His fingers moved high up into me, touching my most secret spots.

"That feels good!" I moaned. "Finger me hard!"

Once he got the hang of it, he diddled me smoothly and confidently, as if he'd read a textbook on the subject. His fingers jabbed into my slot until I started creaming and screaming.

I leaned closer to kiss him. My tongue invaded his mouth as he poked my pussy to orgasm. Then I was ready to get down to business with his boner.



Letters

He moaned when I went down on him, my mouth closing around his cock. He really got into it, thrusting his cock into my face, jabbing the back of my throat. I stroked the base of his shaft and squeezed his bloated nutsac.

Pretty soon, he lost control, shooting goo down my throat. It tasted yummy, and I kept sucking until his nuts were empty and his shaft was clean.

Then we made out for a little while, and he loved playing with my boobs so much that he was hard again in no time, thanks to a little helpful stroking on my part.

I straddled his lap next and faced him. David was awestruck. He thought he'd died and gone to heaven. I pulled apart my pussy lips and dribbled my slippery nectar on his cockhead before touching down with my warm twat.

"Fuck me hard!" I groaned when his pecker was buried in me to the root. "I know you want to! I know you can do it!"

He held my hips and began pumping up into my cunt. Again and again, he churned his cock around in my womb, the base of his shaft rubbing my aching clit.

After a few minutes, I felt his dick flexing and twitching deep inside me. Then I felt a geyser of scalding spunk hit my cervix just as I was peaking. The wet, wild sensation brought me to a satisfying climax.

Seconds later, we heard the sound of applause. It was Jack! He'd been watching from the shadows the whole time. "Great show, bro," he said. "I didn't think you had it in you."

He wouldn't have been so thrilled if he knew that David the nerd turned out to be a better lay than he was. Maybe there's something to be said for studying after all.

— *Veronica K., Madison, WI*

BOYFRIEND'S BUDDY

My boyfriend Stan and I lived together in college, and after we graduated, we stayed in his friend Paul's basement for a summer.

Paul's a great guy, and there was something about him that made my pussy tingle whenever he came near me. I even wondered what he was like in bed. I was shocked at myself for having thoughts like that. I wasn't the kind of a girl who cheated, but there was just something about Paul that made me hornier than I'd ever been. I knew that if I were ever alone with him, I'd be putty in his hands.

Stan could sense my attraction to Paul. Luckily, he wasn't jealous. In fact, he had the exact opposite reaction.

'd like to see you fuck Paul," he said. "Think you'd be into that?"

"Is the Pope Catholic?" I replied with a sexy little laugh.

We worked it out like this. One evening, Stan said he was going out with his old pals





YOU FUCK, I'LL WATCH

to give him a blowjob he wouldn't forget anytime soon.

I sucked him off until he came, and I happily swallowed his hot load. When I finished with him, I was thrilled to find that his cock was just as hard as it had been before.

He pulled me to my feet and stripped me to the buff, then he kissed me passionately.

"It's time we went to bed," he said. And off we went. I could just imagine Stan running around the outside of the house so he could continue watching us through the bedroom window!

We went to his room, and I sprawled on the bed, splaying my puffy cuntlips for him.

"Put that big thing in me, Paul," I purred.

He smiled confidently, stroking his mighty weapon as he crouched between my legs, rubbing his knob on my slick slice. He shoved it in, and I shrieked, wriggling my ass until it was in me all the way to his balls.

While I clung to him and covered his face with excited kisses, he clutched my ass and laboriously fucked me to an incredible orgasm. Then he finished me off doggy-style. After my pussy convulsed around his cock, he pulled it out and splashed my ass with spunk.

Stan came home an hour later, so horny that he didn't even mind having Paul's sloppy seconds. He said he loved me more than ever, but I was having second thoughts about our relationship.

We broke up soon after that. Can you guess who I'm dating now?

—Mindy A., Sorrell, VA

from high school, but really, he was just going outside to spy on Paul and me through the living room window.

"Think you'll have any trouble seducing him?" he asked.

"I've seen the way he that looks at me," I said. "It'll be a snap."

Once Stan was in position, I broke out a bottle of vodka, and Paul and I were soon buzzed, having lost all our inhibitions. I cuddled on the couch with him and started giving him hot, sexy kisses.

When he unzipped the back of my dress and unfastened my bra, he shoved his tongue into my mouth and wedged his hand between my legs, massaging my panty-covered crotch. He soon had my titties bare, and he started licking from one stiff nipple to the other.

In the blink of an eye, my panties were on the floor and Paul had his fingers in my cunt while he sucked ravenously on my tits. I let out a squeal as an orgasm overtook me, making me shake from head to toe.

Paul hardly gave me time to catch my breath before he was on his knees in front of me, thrusting his face between my thighs. I let out another squeal as he licked up and down my cuntlips. He cupped my ass while devouring my cunt, eating me to one orgasm after another. Then he got to his feet and took his clothes off. I gasped when I saw what a magnificent tool he had. It was much bigger than my boyfriend's.

I cooed with delight as Paul waved his stiff staff in my face. Sliding my lips over his cockhead, I groped his big, hairy balls and proceeded

MARRIED TO A SLUT

I'm 60 years old, and I now find it more difficult to get it up than I used to. There's one way which never fails, though, and I'm not talking about Viagra.

You see, I love watching Sandra fuck other men. She's 25 years old, built like a wet dream and sexually insatiable. She also happens to be my loving wife.

I knew the score when I married her. She's so hot, I can get off just by looking at her with another man. How did an old duffer like me land such a fine young filly? Well, let's just say that I own a controlling share of a small multinational conglomerate and leave it at that.

Sandra is a blatant exhibitionist. She loves for me to watch her. And, believe me, she really puts on a show.

Last night, she asked me if she could have a lover over. I eagerly agreed.

The guy was about the same age as Sandra, and hung better than any man I'd ever seen. I was sitting in a comfy chair in our bedroom, which gave me a perfect view of the action.

I had been unable to get a hard-on all day, but when I saw that huge hunk undressing my wife, then exposing his mammoth cock, my pecker swelled in my pants.



Letters

I watched my wife and her friend lie down together naked on our bed. They started kissing passionately and their hands were all over each other. She was stroking his long, thick cock with one hand and squeezing his ass with the other. He had one hand on her supple breasts, squeezing and rubbing them one at a time. His other hand was between her legs, finger-fucking her with a vengeance. Her impassioned moans were music to my ears, making my cock throb.

I watched in awe as Sandra turned the handsome stud over onto his back, his huge cock standing straight up. She straddled him, pulled her pussylips apart and lowered herself onto his huge boner. I saw it disappear inside of her twat, and I felt as horny as a teenager getting his



first piece of ass. I was consumed with desire for my beautiful, sexy wife.

Sandra's luscious body rose and fell on that guy's cock with the precision and force of a jackhammer. Up and down, over and over, she rode that hard cock while her moans became louder and louder. Her ample breasts and supple ass cheeks shook and jiggled with each frantic hump. She looked delicious and my mouth salivated for her.

As quietly as possible, so as to not distract them, I undressed without taking my eyes off of them for even a second. My cock stood straight up and throbbed like crazy. I didn't even want to touch it, afraid I'd blow my load right there. I wanted to save it for when Sandra finished with that handsome young stud.

I saw the guy's hands cover her lovely ass. Sandra shrieked wildly, and her hips increased their frantic tempo. Her beautiful butt rose and fell in a blinding blur of motion. I watched intently, seeing her breasts sway and shake, her nipples stiffening into knots.

As if it had been choreographed, the two of them came simultaneously. He grunted and his body bristled as he shot his spunk deep inside my wife's wet cunt. At virtually the same time, Sandra's body shook violently as she climaxed, too.

I watched them cum, spellbound by the horny action. My cock was throbbing maniacally. I wanted to jump up and fuck my wife's brains out, but I waited. I didn't want to rush the two lovers.

I watched the guy roll off of the bed and pull his clothes on. Then Sandra sashayed her ass out of the bedroom, escorting the young stud to the door.

I scrambled to the bed, lying naked on my back, waiting for my wife to return and park her hot cunt on my dick. As soon as she got

back, she jumped onto the bed and took every inch of my cock inside of her. She bounced wildly up and down the length of my swollen shaft. She looked beautiful with her tits bobbling in my face, and she felt even better.

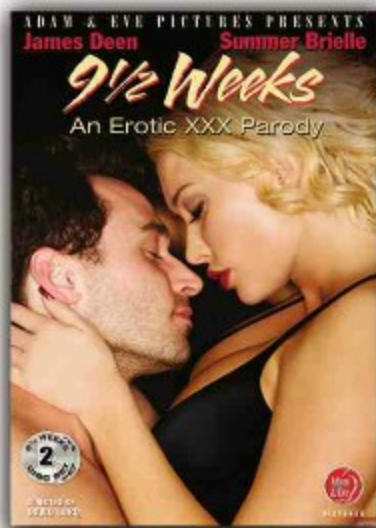
Her cunt was dripping-wet and scorching hot, and her talented cunt muscles worked me over like little fingers. Her cunt made loud squishing sounds as it rose and fell on my prick, taking me closer and closer to orgasm.

Soon, we both came. Her orgasm was explosive, her cunt juices soaking my crotch as I spewed my load into her. It felt simply fantastic.

Some people ask how Sandra and I managed to stay married despite our age difference. I say you just have to be a little creative. When I can't get it up, she goes out and finds someone who can. That way, everybody's happy!

— Andrew T., Baltimore, MD





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COCK STROKERS & PUSSY POKERS

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MY SLUTTY ROOMIES

Going away to college was the best thing that could have possibly happened to me. I'm not talking about the things I learned or the diploma I got. No, I'm talking about my roommates. They made my university experience one I'll never forget.

I couldn't afford on-campus housing, so I rented a room in a boarding house run by a woman named Sara. She was an attractive divorcee in her early thirties who rented out her spare rooms to

robe over my naked body. When I came out of the bathroom, I heard the tv on downstairs.

I went to the top of the stairs and looked to see who was in the living room. Sara was on the couch, and she wasn't alone. There was some guy with her, and his pants were around his ankles. Sara had the guy's dick in her hand, and she was furiously sucking the tip.

Her clothes were still on, but her legs were spread and the guy's hand was under her skirt. The way her ass was churning around on the couch, it was obvious that he was fingering her pussy.

The sight of the guy's spit-covered dick disappearing into Sara's mouth made my own dick stand straight up. My robe fell open and I unconsciously started stroking my shaft.

As I watched Sara lick the guy's balls, I massaged my own nuts, making my cum churn around in there, just waiting to explode. Then my landlady went back to his cockhead, engulfing it while pumping his shaft like she was in desperate need of some cum.

I heard the guy say that he was cumming, and as Sara drank down every drop of his load, I cupped my hand under my prick and caught my own wad in it. Then I ducked back into the bathroom to clean myself up before going to bed.

I couldn't fall asleep after that. All I could think about was the way Sara had scarfed down that lucky guy's cock. I had to jerk off again before I could finally get some sleep.

The next morning, I met my other two roommates, Tina and Tracy. Tracy was a petite blonde with big tits and Tina was a buxom brunette. Those were both boner-worthy babes, and I had to jerk off in the shower after meeting them.

Things were quiet around the house for the next few weeks. Then I got out of one of my classes early one day and came home to the sound of someone having sex upstairs.

I went to my room and could hear Tina yelling, "Fuck me!" through the wall. My dick grew hard instantly, but I didn't want to jerk off, so I went to the bathroom next to Tina and Tracy's room to take a cold shower.

As I was taking off my clothes I could still hear the moaning coming from the other room. I heard someone yell, "Lick my pussy faster," but this time it wasn't Tina's voice—it was Tracy's!

Then I realized that I still hadn't heard a man's voice. That could mean only one thing: Those two beautiful babes were fucking each other!

That did it for me: My dick was not going to go down until I busted a nut. I stroked my prick to the sound of the moans coming from the other room.

Then I spotted a pair of panties on the floor. They must have been either Tina's or Tracy's. I picked them up and smelled them. There's nothing like the musky scent of pussy to really get your motor running.



make ends meet. The other bedroom had been rented out to a couple of sophomores named Tina and Tracy, but they weren't around on the day that I moved in.

It took me all day to unpack, and then I went to bed early, exhausted. At about 3:00 a.m., I got up to take a leak, throwing a

I worked my cock faster and faster as I inhaled the funky aroma. When I licked the crotch of the panties, my jizz shot out like a shotgun blast, splattering the wall in front of me.

That was my first taste of pussy juice in months, and it really hit the spot. I didn't need to take a cold shower anymore, but I took the panties with me for later use.

Living in that house with all those hot chicks was turning me into a real horndog. I couldn't stop thinking about that night I'd watched Sara suck that guy's cock. I became kind of obsessed with her, so one day when no one was home I snooped around her room, hoping to find some soiled panties or something.

I found something even better, though: a whole shoebox of nude pictures of her. They were mostly photos of her lying in bed with her fingers up her cunt.

There were so many that I didn't think she'd miss a few, so I stole some. Many nights I would sit in bed and play with my prick, looking at her photos, wishing my cock could go where her fingers went.

One day, I was snooping in her closet when she came home unexpectedly. She came to her room



Our landlady ducked down and started lapping away at Tina's twat like an expert. The sounds of Sara slurping on her pussy made my dick hard as a rock again.



so fast that I did not have time to get out, so I just hid in the closet, leaving the door open a crack.

I watched as she started to undress. I got my first look at her nude body in the flesh, and it looked even better than it did in her pictures.

I couldn't believe my luck when she lay down on her bed and spread her legs wide open, pointing her cunt right at the closet door. What a sight that was! I had my hard dick in my hand without even thinking about it.

She licked her fingers to get them wet, then began pinching her nipples. After she'd made them as erect as they could be, she put both her hands between her thighs and gently parted her cuntlips.

Sara inserted one finger at a time, slowly pushing it in then pulling it all the way out. The whole time, I was rubbing my stiff prick, trying to hold back the cum. It was so perfect that it was almost like she was putting on a show just for me, like she knew I was there.

After a while, she began to rub her clit back and forth and side to side, gradually increasing the speed until her hand was practically a

blur between her legs. I pulled my pud at the same pace, and seconds after my cum splashed her closet door, her whole bed shook as she had one hell of an orgasm.

Then Sara threw on a robe and went to take a shower. After that, I got out of there as fast as I could, only stopping to pick up the panties that she'd left on the floor.

I never thought I'd ever get the chance to fuck any of my foxy housemates, but then everything changed one night. It was the best night of my life.

The three gals and I were watching a movie on TV. It was one of those cheap sex thrillers they show on cable after midnight, and it got everyone pretty horny.

After the movie ended, we all started talking. They all asked why I never brought girls back to the house and I told them I was too busy to date. It was pretty embarrassing, and I think I turned every shade of red there is.

"You're not too busy to steal our underwear, though," said Tina.

"He got some of yours, too?" Sara asked.



Letters

I was totally speechless. I had no idea that my panty-thieving had been so obvious. I felt smaller than a bug right then.

But then I realized that they weren't mad. Just the opposite, in fact. They were flattered that I found them so attractive that I was willing to steal their un-derwear to feel closer to them.

"It must be hard to be a shy guy," said Tracy. "Why don't we cut him some slack and give him what he really wants?"

The other two gals thought that was a great idea, and from then on, everything was like a living wet dream.

The three ladies descended on me, working together to un-dress me. Tina took off my shoes and socks, Tracy removed my shirt and Sara yanked my pants and underwear off in about two seconds flat.

Then they all stripped in front of me, and my mind was blown by the sight of three shaved twats and six firm boobs.

Tracy took the initiative by standing on the couch with her feet on either side of my hips. She shoved her snatch in my face, and I crammed my tongue into it without delay. The taste of pussy made my dick stiffen instantly.

Tina knelt between my legs and licked my balls, and Sara got down next to her and lapped at my cockhead. I groaned into Tracy's cunt, then went back to trying to stick my tongue as far up there as I could get it. I must have hit just the right spot, because she came in my face, moaning and groaning. Then she sat down to watch the other two girls pleasure me.

With my balls and knob being slathered by two talented tongues, I couldn't handle it, and I started bucking my hips. Sara wrapped her lips around my prick at the last second, and I filled her mouth with warm, sticky cum. She slurped most of it up, letting a little dribble down my shaft so Tina could lick it off my nuts.

"Delicious," said Sara.

"It's pretty good, but have you ever tasted pussy?" asked Tina.

Sara admitted she hadn't, so Tina asked if she would like to try it. Sara was eager to give cunt-licking a shot, so Tina sat beside me, her legs splayed wide.

Our landlady ducked down and started lapping away at Tina's twat like an expert. The sounds of Sara slurping on Tina's pussy made my dick hard as a rock again.

"I want this," said Tracy, grabbing my boner.

"It's all yours," I said.

I bent her over the couch and entered her doggy-style. Her pussy was amazingly tight. It was the best thing I had ever felt.

I pumped her cunt with long, hard strokes, my pelvis clapping against her ass whenever I drove balls-deep. After I made her cum, I soaked her pussy with sperm. When I pulled my prick out, Tina dove in and slurped my spunk out of her gal-pal's gash.

"I want you all to myself," said Sara, dragging me off to bed as my two bisexual roommates continued dyking out on the couch.

Sara and I fucked all night long, and although her pussy wasn't as tight as Tracy's, she knew how to flex her cunt muscles just right to massage my pole. It felt incredible, and I basted her box with two loads before we finally went to sleep.

The next morning, I woke up early and left Sara in bed to go make some coffee. I found Tina in the kitchen, buck-naked.

"You never got the chance to fuck me last night," she said, hopping up on the counter and spreading her legs. "What do you say?"

"I never want to move out of this house!"

— Bob D., Cambridge, MA



SPA SPY

Running my own health club is the perfect job for me. All my life, I have loved to exercise, and now I can do the thing I love best and get paid for it, too.

I'm a good-looking guy with blond hair and blue eyes. I work out every day for about three hours, and when I'm not pumping iron, I'm usually pumping my dick.

See, my office is next to the women's locker room, and I drilled a hole in the wall so I can watch what's going on. I have watched hundreds of women over the last six years, and boy, do I have some stories to tell.

I'll start with Maggie. She's a beautiful woman in her late 20s. Her husband works all day, and she has nothing better to do but work on her body—and what a body it is!

Her long legs are perfectly toned, and her abs are rock-hard. Her tits are



COCK STROKERS & PUSSY POKERS

firm and perky, with long, beautiful nipples that are always visible through her skintight leotard.

A lot of the guys at the club have tried to pick her up, but she just won't cheat on her husband—or so everyone thinks.

I was watching her undress one day through my peephole when I noticed her watching one of the other ladies in the locker room. In most men's locker rooms, the guys don't stand around talking in the nude, but in a women's locker room, all the girls compare breast sizes and chat without a stitch of clothing on.

If you think guys talk about some raunchy stuff, you've never eavesdropped on a roomful of girls when they think there are no men around. I just love to stroke my dick while watching these girls sit around talking in graphic detail about the guys they sucked or fucked the night before.

Watching Maggie take off her clothes got me hot, and I pulled my cock out of my shorts and started caressing it. It was late in the evening and Maggie and this other girl, Tiffany, were the only women left in the club.

Somehow the two ladies got on the subject of bisexuality, and Tiffany admitted that she had once lapped another girl's pussy. She was at a party and some friends of hers dared her to do it, so she went through with it.

Just hearing this story made me go from fondling my dick to stroking it like mad. Maggie got on the subject of how horny she was, since her husband never had time to fuck her, and Tiffany parted her legs a little and said that maybe they could "help each other out."

Maggie got closer to Tiffany and touched her snatch. Tiffany moaned as the other gal fondled her cooze, then she said, "Take me." Hearing the sexy tone in Tiffany's voice nearly made me shoot my wad, but I held back, wanting to save it for what came next.

Tiffany stood on the bench in front of her locker with her legs spread apart, leaning on the locker behind her. Maggie squatted between Tiffany's legs and lapped at her pussy.

Tiffany was making little moaning sounds as Maggie's tongue darted in and out of her dripping cunt. Tiffany churned her hips in a circle, grinding her gash on Maggie's face, getting the wettest ride ever.

I went to my desk to get some lotion for my prick. When I got back, both ladies had their faces buried deep in each other's snatch in a sixty-nine on the bench.

After a good 15 minutes of cunt-lapping, they got up and decided to take their business into the showers. From my vantage point, I couldn't see in there, but I could imagine what they were doing in there. I pictured them soaping up each other's lithe bodies and shot my load into the wastebasket.

I also like to share my spyhole with my girlfriend, April, who is bisexual. The other day we were working out together. A sexy gal named Barbara was on the rowing machine next to us and I could see that she was turning April on.

When Barbara went to the locker room, April grabbed me and pulled me into my office. She went to the peephole to watch Barbara undress. She had her eye to the hole, with her ass sticking up in the air. As I watched, she pushed down her shorts, revealing her moist pussy, which she started massaging.

I sat on top of my desk right behind her with my own shorts around my ankles. Watching April rub her pussy got my dick hard in no time. I don't know what April was seeing, but I had a nice shot of her cunt, with her fingers working in and out of it.

I watched and stroked my cock as April crammed two fingers in her pussy while mashing her clit with her thumb. I was about two seconds away from shooting a load of spunk all over her glorious ass when she turned around and saw what I was doing.

"Have I been neglecting you?" she asked.

Before I could nod my head, she was on her knees, licking my dangling ballbag. I kept jacking off as she coated it with warm saliva.

"I'm going to suck your dick like a vacuum!" she declared.

She proceeded to do just that, her silky hair tickling my legs as she engulfed my prick in her mouth, dragging her lips up and down my shaft.

"Cum for me," she groaned when she came up for air before dive-bombing my dick again. When her lips were wrapped around the base of my tool, I fired away, spraying her tonsils with hot goop.

She guzzled it all down, then let my limp dick slip from her mouth with a wet plop.

"Now that I've had some dick, I'm going to try to get some pussy," she said. "Why don't you watch?"

She pulled her shorts up and walked out the door. She was going to try and seduce Barbara. This was something I had to see.

When I got to the peephole I saw April undressing as Barbara was just coming out of the showers. She was in her late thirties, had



Letters

short black hair, a very tan body and pert tits that didn't sag at all.

April was peeling off her tight shorts while staring at Barbara. Barbara noticed the way April was looking at her and said, "You've been staring at me all day. If it's my pussy you want, then why don't you come and lick it?"

April, now in the nude, wasted no time getting down on her knees and eating Barbara's snatch. I had just shot a load, but I was already getting stiff again. My hand went to my cock like it was a magnet.

I stroked my dick very slowly as I watched my girlfriend lap another's woman's pussy. Then they got down on the floor together, and I saw April squirm with delight as Barbara started kissing her.

Barbara started grinding her cunt into April's like she was a man fucking a woman. I could feel my load starting to build up, but I slowed my pace because I didn't want to cum until they did.

April was soon sucking on Barbara's tits, grabbing her ass-cheeks and pulling her down hard into her pussy. Barbara was kissing April's forehead and burying her face in her hair.

Then my girlfriend sat in front of Barbara, letting her suck her tits and finger her pussy while I beat my meat, looking at Barbara's pretty pink snatch.

After Barbara brought April to orgasm, I came all over the wall. April looked at the peephole and gave me a wink, jiggling her tits at me.

I use the peephole daily, and April loves it, too. Now she wants me to give her an office next to the men's locker room. I wonder why she wants that?

— Jason F., Portland, ME

LANDLORD'S LUST

I'm a 45-year-old man, and I lived with my mother for most of my life. When she died last year, she left me her house in her will.

I now had more space than I knew what to do with. I felt so lonely roaming around in that big house all by myself, so I decided to rent out my mother's old bedroom. I put an ad online, and a young woman named Beth replied.



I was absolutely floored by the sight of her. She was a beautiful nursing student in her mid-twenties, and I could barely put two words together in her presence. As you might suspect of a man who never moved out of his mother's house, I'm very, very shy around women, especially pretty ones like Beth.

Nonetheless, I managed to untangle my tongue enough to tell her that the room was hers if she wanted it. She asked if she could move in the next day, and I said that would be fine.

That night, I went out to the tool shed and dusted off my dad's old drill. A sheetrock wall separates my room from Beth's, and I drilled a hole in it in a spot where I didn't think she would notice.

I felt a little guilty about doing such a pervy thing, but I couldn't help myself. Beth was such a fox that I knew I'd go insane if I never got the chance to see her naked.

Beth moved in the next morning, and I spent the whole day with my eye plastered to

the peephole. All I saw was her unpacking and putting her clothes away, but at least I got a lot of looks at her sweet ass, which stretched out her tight jeans every time she bent over.

I would have stayed at my post nonstop if I could, but I had to take breaks to eat and use the bathroom. When I resumed my position after one of those breaks, I was heartbroken to discover that Beth had turned out the lights and gone to bed. All I could see was darkness.

I set my alarm for the crack of dawn the next morning. I didn't want to miss a thing, so I had my eye pressed to the peephole before the sun was even completely up.

At first, all I saw was a Beth-shaped lump under the blankets. But when she awoke, she threw the covers off, and I had to bite my tongue to keep gasping when I saw that she was totally naked!

My God, what a body she had. She was in great shape, with perky tits and a juicy ass. Her bush was shaved off, revealing her pink slit. I thought I'd struck the jackpot, but I hadn't seen anything yet.

She started writhing on the bed like a snake, and then her hands slid down her belly to her snatch. My jaw dropped when I saw her start diddling her snatch. A shaft of sunlight came through the window, making the juices on her fingers glisten.

I had never witnessed such a sight in my entire life. I fumbled with my belt with my eye pressed to the peephole, letting my pants drop and my hard-on spring out.

She looked unbelievably gorgeous with her hands cupped over her snatch, rubbing her pussylips. Her eyes were closed and her lips were slightly parted, letting me catch a glimpse of her pink tongue.

At first, she gently undulated on the bed, moving her hips in little circles. I stroked my cock in kind, just barely grazing my fingers along my shaft. Then she went completely wild, grinding her ass into the mattress as she plunged her fingers deep into her cooze.

My cock was oozing pre-cum as I drank in the sight of my sultry tenant masturbating herself closer and closer to orgasm. My hand glided up and down my prick at the same pace that she was using on her gash.

As her ass started bouncing up from the mattress, I bucked my pelvis, pretending that I was slamming my cock into her cunt again and again. Suddenly, her body spasmed from head to toe, her tits jiggling as she experienced an obvious orgasm.

When I saw the look of ecstasy on her pretty face, I lost my load, spewing it all over the floor. I made quite a mess, but it was worth it.

I've been living in bliss ever since. Beth masturbates every single morning, and so do I. I've become addicted to watching her finger-fuck herself to orgasm.

The other day, Beth admitted to me that she knew I was watching her. "I hope you enjoyed the show. Maybe next time you'll join me!"

— Hal N., Lubbock, TX

WANTON WATCHER

Last summer, I took a trip to San Francisco. I stayed with my friend Jack and his wife Janet, who had moved out there a few years earlier.

I was fascinated by the city. It was so bohemian and full of interesting people. I wandered for hours, looking at all the shops and restaurants.

When I made my way back to Jack and Janet's apartment after my first full day of exploration, I let myself in using the spare key they'd given me.

As I walked into the kitchen, I heard a strange sound from the next room. Curious, I tiptoed to the doorway and peeked in.

Jack and Janet were together on the couch. They were both fully clothed, but the way things were going, I got the idea that they wouldn't be for long.

As I watched, slack-jawed, Janet caressed the front of Jack's pants, outlining the bulge of his cock. I heard the sound of his zipper being opened, then she reached inside and fished out his stiff prick.

The sight of my friend's sexy wife jerking him off made me just as hard as he was. I couldn't resist the temptation to whip out my cock and whack off as the action intensified.

Jack peeled his wife's sweater over her head. Janet wasn't wearing a bra, and her pert tits bobbed out into the open. Her husband leaned forward to suck on one nipple, then the other, making them both glisten with his saliva.

Jack unbuckled her belt, and her jeans crumpled to the floor. Her panties followed, and he cupped her bare asscheeks in his big hands. He kneaded the flesh, pulling her tightly against him, and his cock pressed against her belly.

Next, my friend slid onto the couch and spread his wife's pussylips, exposing the soft pink flesh inside. Jack licked his lips and went down on her, eating her out until she screamed that she was cumming.

Then Jack shucked his own clothes and jumped up onto the sofa. They kissed again as their bodies writhed together. I watched in fascination while rubbing my throbbing shaft.

Janet dove for Jack's hard cock, taking it balls-deep in her sucking maw. She proceeded to give him a killer blowjob, her head bobbing along his shaft so fast that I feared for her neck muscles.

When she started jacking him off while blowing him, her hand moving at the same pace as her bouncing skull, my pal lost it.

"I'm gonna cum, baby!" he bellowed.

"Give it to me!" she hissed, stroking his cock with his knob pressed against her flapping tongue.

He came a gusher, splattering her lips and tongue with thick jism. It dangled from her chin in gooey ropes as she continued to beat him off and lick his cockhead. Then she took his still-hard prick into her mouth again and sucked it clean.

When Janet spit out Jack's dick, it was still erect, so she climbed onto his lap. She rubbed her pussy along the length of his rod, then grasped it, aiming the head at her slit.





Letters



As she sunk down on it, it entered her slowly, her pussylips rippling along his shaft until Jack's nuts were pressed tightly against her.

When she rose back up, her husband's cock gleamed with her juices. Janet wiggled her rear from side to side as she settled back down onto him. They continued at that leisurely pace for a while, and I listened to their moans and sighs, as well as the sloshing of Janet's pussy around Jack's cock.

Her face was flushed with pleasure as she kept riding Jack's dick. I could tell from the look on her face that she was going to cum, and sure enough, she started gyrating crazily on top of him. As she groaned in ecstasy, he clutched her hips and pumped upward, jizzing inside her.

That was my cue to spew. I didn't want to make a mess, so I took my baseball cap off and launched my load into it. The hat was totally ruined, but I didn't care.

After that, I tiptoed back to the front door. I opened and closed it loudly so that they would hear me this time. I heard them scrambling around as they ran for the bedroom, thinking they'd gotten away clean. I wasn't about to tell them any different.

— Eric T., Scranton, PA

JERK & DRIVE

Jerking off in my car gets me off faster than anything else. I have been doing it for a few years now, and I love it.

I live in California where the weather is always beautiful, so I like to keep the roof down on my convertible sedan. Sometimes I just get in my car and drive around, looking at all the cute girls passing by as I play with my dick.

A lot of times when I'm at a stoplight whacking off and a girl in a car next to me notices what I'm doing, she will flash her tits at me. I get so hot when this happens that I usually shoot my load all over the steering wheel.

I used to masturbate at home, watching a porn movie while fantasizing about the girls on my TV screen. Some chick would be sucking a guy's cock while sitting on another girl's face, washing it with her pussy juices, and I would sit in front of the television and pretend I was the one getting my dick sucked.

As I manhandled my manhood, I would imagine the chick's mouth slowly sliding up and down my shaft. I would blow my load at the same time as the guy in the movie, and watching the girl's face get covered in cum would make my orgasm feel even better.

Then I discovered something even better than porn. The woman who lived in the apartment next door used to sunbathe right on the balcony next to mine. She had long, trim legs and nice perky tits. She always wore the same white bikini that barely covered her boobs and bush.

I would watch her take some lotion and massage it all over her already tan body. From behind my curtains, I would stand naked and slowly stroke my erect cock.

Her legs were always pointing towards me, and sometimes her thighs would part and I could see just the slightest glimpse of pink flesh peeking out around the edge of her bikini bottom. I had to take my curtains to the cleaners many times because of all the cum I shot on them while watching this woman.



One day, I decided to get bold and walked out on the balcony in nothing but a pair of boxers. She didn't notice me at first. I got a good look at her body, and my dick got hard. I was about to go in the house when she looked up at me. I'm sure she noticed my rod growing in my shorts.

"Hi," she said cheerfully. She got up and came over to the railing separating our balconies. She leaned over, her tits dangling, revealing lots of cleavage.

She told me her name was Cindy. She said she had seen me peeking at her a few times and always wondered if I would ever show myself to her.

For months after that, Cindy and I would play this little game where she would lay out on her balcony as I watched from mine and jack myself off. She'd splay her legs, and slowly rub lotion up and down the insides of her thighs.

When she would get to her pussy, she would pull the fabric of her bikini over to the side so I could see her moist, sweating snatch. As one hand would play with her nipples through her top, her other hand would slowly insert one finger at a time into that wet tunnel.

She never let me fuck her because she had a boyfriend, but when he wasn't around, we would masturbate in front of each other all the time. Unfortunately, Cindy moved and I was reduced to stroking solo again.

Doing it at home got a little boring for me. I mean, after beating off in the kitchen, bathroom, bedroom and on the balcony was getting a little old. That's when I thought up the idea of jacking off in my car.

At first, I would sit in my car in a parking lot, looking at a porno mag, fondling myself and thinking how nice a wet snatch would feel wrapped around my hard prong. But one night after leaving the local titty bar, I was horny as hell. I was driving down the street with a raging boner when the most gorgeous blonde passed me in a sporty little coupe.

As she passed, she looked right at me. She was so sexy that she must have been a model or an actress. She licked her lips, then sped off so fast I couldn't keep up with her.

That did it. I whipped out my cock and started wanking away. In no time at all, I'd jizzed all over my pants. From that point on, I was hooked on jerking and driving.

One time, I was cruising down the freeway when a woman in a pickup truck was in the lane next to me. I was stroking my dick and not really paying attention when I looked over and saw she was pointing at me and mouthing the words, "Pull over."

I saw an exit for a rest stop, so I pulled over in the parking lot. It was pretty late, so it was empty. I looked in my rear view mirror and

saw the pickup pull in behind me. I sat in my car as the truck parked next to me, and when the woman opened the door, I looked up her skirt and noticed that she wasn't wearing any panties.



My dick was rock-hard by now and I started stroking it again. She sat with her door open and said that she saw me whacking off at the stoplight and that she enjoyed going for drives while rubbing her pussy.

I told her about how I always jerk off while driving. As we were talking, I noticed she was playing with her cunt, which was already sopping-wet.

She lay back on the seat and stuck one finger from each hand inside her and slid them slowly in and out of her hole. I could see she wasn't wearing a bra because when she lay back her tits were so big they lifted her shirt so I could see right up it. As she frigged herself, I stroked my cock so hard that I came a gusher all over the place.

When she saw me shoot my spunk, it got her so horny that she started rubbing her clit faster and faster until she came herself. She then got up and took off her shirt, exposing her jugs to me.

She came over to my car and took my dick in her hand. After seeing those large breasts unleashed, my dick was at full attention again. She squatted down and licked the extra cum off my dick, flicking her tongue against her slit.

Looking down at her mouth on my cock and her tits bouncing up and down almost made me shoot again. I held back the urge to ejaculate until she stood up and led me to the tailgate of her truck.



Letters



She got on her hands and knees with her back to me as I licked the juices from her damp box. I stuck one finger in as I flicked her clit back and forth with my tongue.

Standing up, I put my hard shaft into her pussy without any trouble at all. Her soaking twat sucked my dick in and held on tight. I started sliding it in and out while she reached between her legs and played with my balls. I filled her with my second load of the night while she came at the same time.

When she was driving off, she told me she hoped to see me on the road again sometime. I may never see her again, but I always take a second look when I see a woman with only one hand on the steering wheel.

— Craig G., Irvine, CA

HUBBY'S HOOKER

Every Friday night, I go out to a local bar with my girlfriends. My husband Jim is grateful because he gets to hang around the house in his boxers, drinking beer and watching old Charles Bronson movies.

At least, that's what I thought he was doing. I learned different last Friday.

I showed up at the bar at the usual time, but none of my friends were there. I called one of them and learned that our outing had been cancelled and that the person who was supposed to tell me had forgotten. Some friends, right?

So I drove straight home. When I walked in, Jim was nowhere to be seen, but the television was still on, so I knew he had to be somewhere in the house. I walked from room to room until I came to the bedroom. The door was open a crack, so I peeked in.

Sure enough, Jim was in there, but he wasn't alone. He had a guest — a female guest!

In the midst of my shock, I registered that she wore a tight leather dress, black seamed nylons and slingback pumps. I was frozen to the spot as they started talking.

"I'll go for a blowjob first," he said, smiling, "and then we'll see how I feel."

The slut started stripping for him, slowly and seductively. She wriggled out of her leather dress, showing off a lace garter belt and matching push-up bra. She had an incredible figure, with just the right amount of meat on her bones. I felt simultaneously jealous and a little turned on.

"I get really horny for studs like you," she whispered seductively. She moved over to Jim and unbuttoned his shirt, then pulled down his pants and briefs.

There was his cock, stiff as a statue. It hadn't gotten that hard for me in a long time!

Jim lay back down on the bed, his prick sticking up majestically. She licked her lips several times before she moved in for the kill. She gently batted at his bloated cockhead with her tongue, running it along his piss-hole. Jim grunted as she lapped at his knob.

She skimmed her tongue along his shaft, licking him with a slow, even pace, covering his cock with spit. Then she took his big prick into her mouth, swallowing it right down to the base. His pubic hairs must have been tickling her nose.

I knew I should do something. I should have either left or burst in and confronted that cheating bastard, but I was fascinated by the sight of my husband getting blown by this whore.

As I watched her sucking his hard cock, I was able to see was very skilled at her work. She gorged herself on dickmeat as he fucked her mouth for nearly 10 minutes. Her lips were pursed, her cheeks puffing in and out. Jim groaned really loud as he unloaded inside her mouth.

He kept fucking her face and she kept sucking. Only when she was sure he was empty did she lift her head. There was some cum at the corners of her mouth, and she calmly ran her tongue around her lips to catch the stray droplets.

"How was that?" she asked.

"Every bit of awesome," he replied. "How about an assfuck now? I haven't done that in ages. The wife never lets me."

"Anything you say, handsome," she purred. "Just let me get some lube from my purse."



Then she bent over the bed, her juicy buttocks sticking out. Jim spread them and rubbed some lube up and down her asscrack. Then he spread some on his boner before spearing his cock straight up her ass. He grabbed onto her tits and held on tight, his shaft totally buried in her butt.

They began rocking together as one. She continually bounced her body back against his, accentuating every thrust. Jim hadn't been lying: I never let him fuck my ass. But watching him do it to another woman was an incredible turn-on. I fingered my snatch under my skirt while he butt-fucked her, steadily picking up speed, his balls swaying between his legs.

Soon, he threw his head back and hollered in bliss, signaling his climax. The slut tensed every muscle in her body as Jim unloaded in her anus. When he plucked out his prick, a flood of jism followed, oozing down her slice.

I came, too, biting my lip to keep from crying out. Then I got the hell out of there before I got caught.

I drove right back to the bar I'd just left. Watching that sleazy scene had made me horny, and I knew I could find a guy who was looking for a fast fuck. Found one I did, but that's a whole other letter to you guys!

— Theresa J., Plymouth, MA



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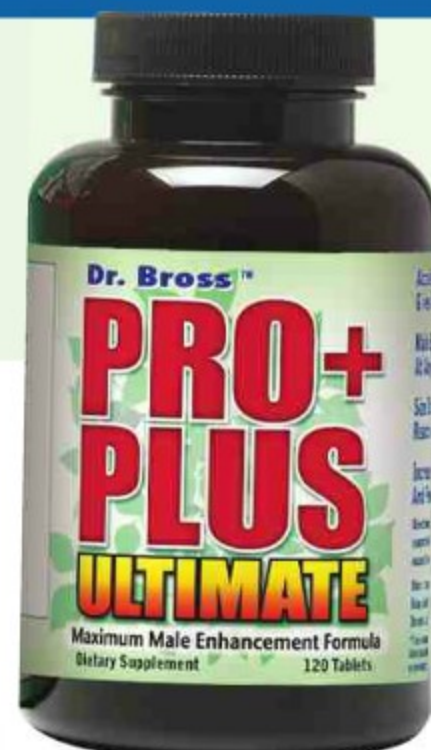
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MENAGE MANIA

LOTS OF LOVIN' WITH THREE PARTNERS OR MORE!

HARD ON THE JOB

Eddie is a great guy to work with and he's like an older brother who looks after me. At 19, I was kind of raw on the social scene, which is why Eddie took me under his wing and gave me a few tips on how to score. And boy, did I put them to good use....

We were driving out to the suburbs the other day to sheet-rock somebody's bedroom. Along the way, Eddie asked how my hammer was hanging. I leveled with him, telling him about my sex life. On a scale of 1 to 10, it was a -2.

"Then you're in for a break, kid," he said, puffing on a cigarette. "We're not going to just any house today. We're headed for a frickin' pleasure palace. Hear what I'm sayin'? I did some work for these people last year, and the woman of the house is one hot piece of ass. They have one of those, uh, open marriages, and the broad just can't get enough."

"Are you saying what I think you're saying?"

"That I am," he said, grinning. "I told ya this gig has its perks."

The house was a two-story colonial that Eddie gushed over. "When they built this place," he said, "they took pride in the craftsmanship. It ain't like the shitboxes nowadays that they slap together with some cardboard and Elmer's glue. This joint is well-made."

The lady of the house was pretty well put together, too. Eddie's description of her was spot-on. Her name was Norma and she was about 35 or so. She had silky black hair that cascaded well below her shoulders and bright blue eyes that could pierce you to the core. She had on a tight blouse and an even tighter pair of leggings that outlined her puffy puss.

She greeted Eddie with a friendly kiss on the cheek and showed us to the room we'd be working in, casually remarking that her husband was out and wouldn't be joining us. She then put us to work and walked off, and I wondered if maybe Eddie had been pulling my leg.

After sheetrocking one wall, he headed out of the room, telling me to fill the cracks with joint compound. When I asked where he was going, he merely smiled and told me to "keep my ears open."

As I filled in the cracks, I heard soon enough that Eddie had gone to fill Norma's cracks. It was the sound of their fooling around that lured me out to watch... and learn.

When I reached the doorway, the sight that met my eyes had them bulging out of their sockets. Norma was totally naked as she lay on a couch and sucked on her own tits, hastily slobbering all over them. Buried between her legs was none other than Eddie, who was licking her wet pussy like a fiend. He'd been on the level after all.

Norma smiled when she noticed me, tapping Eddie on the shoulder. He looked my way and chuckled, then he wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and said, "I was gonna walk Norma into the room in her birthday suit and surprise you, but I stopped for a quick bite to eat first. I can't believe you mustered the nerve to join in. Impressive, kid. Well, since I'm not done yet, you get to watch a master at work."

My dick got so hard at the sight of Norma that it threatened to punch a hole through my jeans. I absently groped my aching crotch as Eddie lectured me on the finer points of eating snatch, and Norma definitely got a kick out of being the visual aid.

Her baby blues rolled up in their sockets as she tilted her head back, slack-jawed while Eddie jammed his tongue into her pussy and wagged his head from side to side. She wrapped her sexy legs around his head, drawing him in deeper as she resumed stuffing her mouth full of her own succulent tit-meat.

When I was just about ready to squirt in my pants, she cast those pretty peepers of hers my way. It's always a turn-on when a hottie gives you bedroom eyes, but Norma had a way of doing it that let me know that I could do whatever I wanted to her.





She grabbed my asscheeks roughly and pulled, drawing me into her mouth to the root. That's when I unloaded a plentiful batch of jizz straight down her throat.



I dropped my drawers and took hold of my hard-on. Then I took a deep breath and stepped up to the plate.

"Atta boy," she purred, her smiling face absolutely radiant. "Get over here, junior. I'm thirsty!"

I stood beside her and watched her gobble up my boner, holding my breath as she gingerly fed my pole into her mouth inch by inch. She hummed as she made her way down to the base of my cock.

Her mouth was wonderfully wet and warm, and she knew how to apply suction while giving me some tongue action at the same time. I reached down and fondled her jiggly tits, loving the way she rolled my balls around in the palm of her hand while giving me head. It was totally a first-rate blowjob.

Meanwhile, Eddie was pigging out on her poon, making a huge racket down there. He held apart her labes with both hands, pressing his glazed face between them while sticking his tongue as deep into her cunt as it would go.

He had her going apeshit on my cock in no time, and it was all she wrote when he suddenly drove a finger up her asshole, still

chowing down on her pussy. She climaxed on the spot, nearly choking on my rod as her pussy erupted.

After that, my hard-on had her undivided attention. She started deep-throating me with a vengeance, taking my dick down the hatch again and again. She grabbed my asscheeks roughly and pulled, drawing me into her mouth to the root. That's when I unloaded a plentiful batch of jizz straight down her throat.

Eddie had already whipped out his dick and crammed it into her pussy. As soon as I withdrew, he flipped her over so she could ride his pole. She bounced rapidly as he heaved up into her. The veins in his neck bulged like ropes as he bottomed out on each stroke, pounding her wildly.

And then he abruptly tensed up, his pelvis quivering as he bust a nut inside of Norma.

On the way back home that night, Eddie asked me, "Well, kid, was I right or was I right?"

He was right: Our job has some kick-ass perks. In fact, with benefits like that, who needs a dental plan?

— Billy P., Coral Gables, FL

STEAMY THREeway

My wife Cindy and I have been married for five years. We've always had a good sex life but, as is too often the case, monogamy got to be boring. So we decided to add another lover to the mix.

We gave a lot of thought to likely candidates, and we settled on Cindy's best friend Lisa because she was young, pretty and open-minded. My wife invited her over one evening when we were ready to put our plan into action.

She looked terrific — so good that I thought I'd either cum in my pants or jump her bones before dinner. She had on a pair of painted-on blue jeans and a skintight baby tee. Her large tits left no doubt



Letters



that she'd decided to go braless, as evidenced by her stubby nipples, which dented the material to an obscene extent. She must have run up the driveway, because she was panting hard, her rack rising and falling with every breath.

After dinner, we all went into the living room for some gin-and-tonics that were short on the tonic and long on the gin. We were soon in the finest of spirits, and I saw fit to broach the subject of Lisa's sex life. After Cindy and I told her what we'd discussed, Lisa smiled and coyly said that she'd think about it.

I thought I'd sweeten the deal by showing her what she would be in for if she said yes, so I began playing with Cindy's awesome tits with Lisa sitting right there. I unbuttoned my wife's blouse as we started kissing, and then I started sucking her tits.

Before long, I was rubbing her moist crotch as she squeezed my boner, our breathing speeding up. I unbuttoned her pants and worked them down past her lace panties as she started to do likewise to me. She was having some difficulty when Lisa reached over and said, "Here, let me do that."

Our gorgeous guest yanked my drawers off with gusto, and I took off her blouse without a second thought, exposing her marvelous hooters.

I felt up both gals' tits and twats as my rod grew to full size. I was tongue-wrestling with Lisa when Cindy laid a lip-lock on my dick. It was a wonderful feeling to have one beautiful woman frenching me

while another beautiful woman sucked my cock.

We decided that it would be an excellent idea to take things into the bedroom, so we all hopped into the sack together. I lay down on my back, and Lisa mounted me like we'd been lovers for ages.

She stuck my prick into her hungry pussy and settled down on it, sighing as her weight came to rest on top of me. Her cunt was warm, wet, and wonderful, so much so that it was almost too much to handle. I distracted myself by reaching up and playing with her knockers.

Then Cindy crawled over and straddled my face, smiling down at me as she lined up her mound with my mouth. She eased herself down and got comfy, leaning over and grabbing the headboard for support as I dug in.

Her pussy was as delicious as ever, but having her foxy galpal ride my cock made it seem even tastier. My gushing bride seemed to be having fun herself, because her pussy juice was streaming into my mouth already.

Lisa began to emit soft moans of joy as she bounced on my cock, swiveling her hips really fast. I drove my tongue up into Cindy's twat and sucked out her delectable love juices, gripping her asscheeks to keep her steady on my face.



Then Lisa reached back and squeezed my balls as she rode me ragged, asking me over and over if her pussy felt good. I hummed in the affirmative, and then she reached forward and gripped Cindy's hooters from behind, grinding much faster on me.

Speaking of which, Cindy was really grinding her muff into my face, slathering it with her snatch syrup as I tried to lap it all up. Lisa began to buck frantically on my rod, and when she cut loose with a deafening cry, it was obvious that she was cumming her brains out. That gorgeous creature shook like a leaf from head to toe.

It wasn't long before Cindy exploded in climax, too, and I felt the muscles in her thighs flex against my cheeks as she mashed her cooze into my mouth.

All of this was too much for me, so I pulled down on Lisa's hips and blasted a huge load of spunk into her for what seemed like an eternity of pleasure. Then we all slowly went slack, piled on top of each other in a sweaty, but satisfied heap of flesh.

And that was only Round One!

— James V., Montpelier, VT

SHARING WIVES

I'd had a pretty normal sex life until my landlord decided he'd make more money if he turned the old apartment house where I lived into a condo complex. I didn't want to give up my lease, so he started trying to drive me out. He turned off the heat and hot water and ceased all maintenance. When my upstairs neighbor got a busted pipe, my place got flooded. That did it for me, so I started looking for another place to live.

I saw an ad in the paper that had been placed by some people looking for a roommate. I called the number and got the address, and the girl on the phone was so personable that she insisted I come over and have a look that very evening. I had nothing better to do, so I said sure.

The place was a rather large house in a quiet, quaint-looking little neighborhood. So far, so good.

I rang the bell. A voluptuous brunette of about 30 answered the door. She was decked out in a stylish jogging outfit and she was all sweaty. She was also strikingly pretty, which is always a plus.

"Hi. I'm Dan," I told her. "I called earlier about your ad in the paper."

"Of course. Pleased to meet you, Dan. I'm Ellie," she said, shaking my hand. "Come on in. You caught me in the middle of my aerobics, I'm afraid. That's why I'm sweating like a pig. Sorry about that."

"No problem."

I went inside and saw a guy lounging in his jockey shorts. He had a beer in his hand and was reading the paper. He looked up and nodded at me, saying, "What's up, dude? I'm Michael."

"How's it going? I'm Dan."

"Well, lemme show you around our humble abode," Ellie said, warmly taking me by the arm. She cheerfully escorted me from room to room, and at one point she inadvertently brushed up against me, her pillowy tits feeling like heaven against my arm.

Once we were done with the downstairs, she led me upstairs, which is when I got an eyeful of her pleasingly plump rump. I sprouted a stiffy, and she looked back as if sensing it. She'd busted me already.

"Like what you see so far, buddy?" she asked with a coy smirk.

I liked her style. She showed me a big, spacious bedroom next. The first thing that caught my eye was the pair of panties draped over a chair, and then I spotted another frilly unmentionable on the bed.

"This is our bedroom," she said. "My husband and me, that is."

I nodded. "Michael, right?"



She laughed, her boobs jiggling noticeably. "Oh no," she giggled. "Michael's not my husband. He's married to Nora. They're the other couple who lives here. Their bedroom is down the hall. My husband's name is Roy. Now then, lemme show you your bedroom."

It wasn't as big as hers, but I liked it. She then showed me the adjoining bathroom that I'd have all to myself. It was so cramped in there that I accidentally poked her ass with my hard-on when she squeezed past me to show me the tub.

I was mortified, but she merely giggled.

"Oh my goodness. Aren't you a randy one?" she said. "If I turn you on this much, wait till you get a load of Nora. Anyway, that's pretty much it. What do you think of the place?"

"It's great. When do I get to meet the others, though? I'm sure they probably wanna have a look at me before you guys decide anything."

"Oh, don't you worry about that. We're all really laid back around here. You can meet them as soon as they get back, which should be any minute now. In the meantime, would you like to stay for lunch?"

We went back downstairs, and Michael was in there, still dressed in nothing but his jockey shorts. He was dropping spaghetti into a pot of boiling water.



Letters

"It's our turn to cook," he told me. "My wife Nora prepared the sauce herself. We just have to heat it all up, and then we're good to go. Feel free to join us. Wanna beer?"



"Don't mind if I do," I replied.

I decided that I liked Michael as he handed me a cold one, and as I took a seat and watched Ellie set the table I decided that I liked her even more.

Just then the front door opened. In walked a big, beefy guy who was in desperate need of a shave. Ellie went to him and gave him a big, sloppy kiss. He slid his big meathooks down her back and squeezed her buns, which made her squeal. Clearly, this was Roy.

"You must be Dan," he said, once he'd pried himself away from Ellie. "I hope you like the place. So what's the verdict? Are we roomies?"

I was about to say yes when the door opened again and in walked a vision of loveliness that had to be Nora. She was all sweaty just like Ellie, except that she was dressed in a sexy little sun-dress and high heels.

"Dan, I presume," she said to me as she fanned herself with the day's mail. Then she took a gulp of Michael's beer after giving him a peck on the cheek.

"Don't forget to put the meatballs in the sauce," she said. "I'm going upstairs to slip into something more comfortable."

When Nora came back, she was wearing what I guessed was one of Mike's sweatshirts. It barely came down to the top of her thighs, and it looked like it was all she had on.

"Let's eat!" she chirped. "I'm starved."

And so, we had our first meal together. The spaghetti and meatballs were great, but the thing that sold me on the place was when Nora actually started playing footsie with me under the table. Michael was sitting right there and everything. I couldn't believe it!

"I gotta tell ya, you guys seem pretty cool," I told them. "In fact, as soon as I finish eating, I'm going to go get my stuff. I'll write you a check before I go."

They all looked delighted. After dinner, I went and got my few meager belongings. Roy gave me a hand with my stuff when I returned, and I saw that he was now in his jockey shorts.

As we carried a big trunk of my stuff down the hall, I happened to look into the bedroom that belonged to Nora and Mike. The door was open, and I was treated to the sight of Nora, lying naked on her back, getting fucked by Michael!

"He's back, you guys," Roy announced, unfazed by the impromptu peep show. Nora looked up and waved at me as Michael hammered away at her hole.

Roy could see that I was (understandably) caught off-guard by this, and he chuckled, saying, "Nora really loves to get fucked. Believe me, that's a sight that you'll get used to."

I heard the sound of water splashing as we neared the bathroom, and as we passed by, I looked in to find Ellie in the tub, lathering up her titties. She smiled at me, as cool as a cucumber as she said, "Hey, Danny. I missed you already. Say, be a doll and help me do my back once you get squared away. Pretty please?"

"Uh...sure. No problem," I murmured, blown away. Roy was right next to me, yet both of them were as casual as could be.

"Man, that wife of yours has a great sense of humor, eh?" I awkwardly said to Roy, once we were in my room.

He laughed and said, "She does—but she wasn't joking. If I were you, I'd go join her. Don't worry. We're all pretty relaxed around here, in case you haven't noticed already."

And with that, he took his leave, lumbering off downstairs. I deliberated my next move for about 10 seconds. The next thing I knew, I was in the john.



Ellie was all smiles when I walked in, her big, beautiful breasts making the water ripple around them.

"What took you so long?" she giggled.

I laughed, feeling myself blush as I stripped and went to her. She stood up and handed me the washcloth, giving me an up-close look at her goodies.

I tossed the washcloth aside and scooped up her gelatinous tits in my bare hands, kneading their abundant flesh. I smushed them together and sucked as much as I could fit in my mouth.

Ellie giggled and spread her legs, and I took the hint, releasing her hefty hooters and reaching under the water. I wiggled a finger into her snatch. She slipped her arm around me and gave me a searing tongue-kiss as I fingered her hole.

Her fat knockers were sliding up and down against my chest with her every breath, and I got so aroused that I thought my cock was going to explode.

Then I got into the water with her, and she sat on the lip of the tub so her pussy was level with my face. I drove my outstretched tongue deep into her cunt, and she gasped, holding my head against her crotch.

It was so sexy the way she started swinging her hips, doing a little bump-and-grind to get herself off on my tongue. I devoured her pussy like nobody's business, eating her out to a rollicking orgasm. I hadn't even known her for six hours yet, and already I was drinking her cum!

"Your turn," came a voice from behind us.

I spun around to see Nora, who was also naked. She had a smile from ear to ear.

I got out of the tub, and she sashayed over to me, getting her knees dirty at my feet.

"You really picked the right ad," she purred, grasping my throbbing hard-on.

As soon as Nora started gobbling up my cock, slobbering all over my shaft, Ellie held my buttcheeks apart and started tonguing my asshole! She kept squeezing my buttcheeks, humming as she rimmed me out, and Nora toyed with my balls while blowing me cross-eyed.

When Nora started making loud slurping sounds on my salami, I nutted in her mouth. She drank every drop of my load, then took me to her room to finish welcoming me to my new home by fucking me senseless.

It's funny how stuff works out sometimes. Getting kicked out of my old apartment was the best thing that ever happened to me. I'm never moving again!

— Dan B., Van Nuys, CA

LADIES' CHOICE

There were three gorgeous ladies sitting on the sofa, all staring at my bulging groin. I thought the hostess, Helen, might pass out. She licked her lips, undressing me with her eyes.



Her two friends, Cynthia and Peg, were in another world. They couldn't keep their hands off their pussies. They vigorously rubbed their twats the whole time, their eyes glued to my prick.

Hey, it wasn't supposed to have happened this way. You see, my name is Jake and I'm an actor, among other things. To pay the rent, I occasionally dance in an all-male revue. You do what you have to do to pay the bills, you know?

Anyhow, Helen saw me performing at a private party on Long Island and offered me mucho dinero to entertain her and a few of her horny friends. I figured, why not?

The ladies were playing with their twatlips, really getting off on the sordid scene. They were doing wonders for my ego.

"Please! Please! Show us your cock!" Peg begged.

"Yes! You must!" added Cynthia.

They went on and on, spouting stuff like that. I had to admit, though, that I liked the looks of Helen best. When she seductively slid her tongue over her lips, I could almost feel that moist mouth of hers on my man-meat.

Grinding my hips in time to the music that played in the background, I strutted closer. That's when all hell broke loose, not to mention my cock.

There was a tense moment of silence when I slid down my tighty-whites and chucked them aside. Cynthia picked them up and used them to wipe the pussy juice from her inner thighs before rubbing the crotch of my undies against her dewy twatlips.

Then she leaned back against the couch, an enraptured look in her eyes. I'll be damned if she didn't frig herself with my underwear until she came.



Letters

Helen and Peg knelt before me after that, and I felt their wet kisses on my staff.

"What did I tell you!" Helen giggled. "Is this guy hung or what?"

Peg took a long look at my nuts and then took them into her mouth. She proceeded to soak my balls with saliva, and the sensation had me ready to pop off all over her.

Helen hogged my hard-on, though, closing her lips around my knob. My bone was right where it wanted to be, so I nudged it deeper into her sucking mouth.

"Fuck yeah! That's the way!" Cynthia cheered. "Cum in her mouth!"

She was flying into orbit again already, her body tremulous and sweaty as she rubbed my drawers between her shapely legs. It was a sight to behold when her legs suddenly clamped shut around her fast-moving hands. She whined as she frigged herself to another gloriously wet finish.

Thrusting my dick harder into Helen's wet mouth, I felt ready to burst. When I blasted off, Helen squealed, trying to swallow all of my jizz, although a little dribbled out of her mouth.

Peg had her back, though, dutifully licking the errant sperm from Helen's chin. Then they frenched each other for a bit after they cleaned me off with their tongues.

After that, I was in the mood for a piece of Cynthia. Her cunt was sufficiently lubed from her relentless frigging, so all it took was the slightest pressure to sink into the warmth of her pussy. She locked her legs around me and urged me to split her in half, humping against me like a wild animal in heat.

I plowed Cynthia's pussy like a well-oiled machine, pumping her steadily as her limbs flailed in all directions. She was whimpering like I was killing her, her tits spilling back and forth beneath me.

Her tight muff had me so riled that I shot my second wad of the night a mere 15 minutes after my first one.

But that was far from the end of it. It's a tough job, but somebody's gotta do it!

— Jake S., New York, NY

BAHAMA SWAPPERS

When Todd suggested that we spend our vacation together in the Bahamas, I thought it was a terrific idea. Todd was the office hunk, and most of the other girls hated me because they knew we fucked now and then. We weren't exclusive or anything, though. I preferred it that way.

We were in my apartment at the time, and I was wearing a red bra, red panties and a red garter belt with black, high-heeled shoes. Todd, tall and rugged, had me bent over with my legs spread, and he was slap-ping my buns with his prick.



He slid my lace-trimmed panties down my legs, then he began running his cock through the groove of my pussy. When he was ready, he held my asscheeks apart and pushed his boner into my snatch. It was like getting fucked with a telephone pole!

I had one wild orgasm after another, until he slammed his cock up my snatch to the balls and filled my quim to the brim with jism. It was afterward that Todd mentioned his vacation idea.

It sounded like fun, but I was worried that he might take it too seriously. If I was going someplace like the Bahamas, I would want to play the field, and I told him so.

"Whatever. That suits me just fine," he said, sliding his hand up my thigh to my dripping cooze. "If you see someone you want to screw, go right ahead. I'll do the same."

Come July, we found ourselves in a tropical paradise. As soon as we were ensconced in our suite, I had to push the horny bastard away. He'd stripped down to the buff and came at me with a raging hard-on.

"Later, stud," I said firmly. "I want to try on my new bathing suit and sit by the pool. There was a dreamy guy that I want to get a closer look at."



Todd laughed. "I guess I'll head out and check out some prospects myself."

I donned my bathing suit, which hardly covered any of my curves. Todd cupped one of my tits and gave it a squeeze.

"You'll be getting fucked by a stranger before bedtime," he predicted. He then pulled on his Speedo, which was almost as scant as my bikini. He had to do a bit of rearranging down there just to be decent.

We went poolside and got situated. Unfortunately, I noticed that the stud I'd been checking out was now with a gorgeous blonde. She saw me checking out her man and winked at me.

At any rate, as Todd and I got situated, I noticed a shadow as someone stood between me and the sun. It was the big hunk with the facial hair. He was holding a bottle of suntan lotion.

"I hope I am not intruding. My wife Claudette suggested that you will get sunburned if you do not use sunscreen," he said in a deep, French-accented voice. "If your friend does not mind, I can help you put it on."

"Won't your wife object?" asked Todd.

"Claudette is bored with me after only a few days," the Frenchman said, smiling. "She suggested that I come over, so that we may all meet. I am Guy."

He beckoned to Claudette, who promptly strolled over. Guy sat beside me and told me to lie on my tummy. I did, and then he began spreading the sunscreen on my back, working his way downward to my ass.

I sighed, purring, "Mmmm. That feels so good."

He did the backs of my legs, and then gently smoothed the cream up my inner thighs. When he gently touched my pussy, I moaned.

I caught Guy shooting a glance Todd's way, and when he saw that everything was cool, he relaxed. Todd was far too busy flirting with Guy's wife to care.

"Claudette, why don't you and Todd go for a swim?" Guy said.

Claudette gleefully clapped her hands together at the idea, after which she took Todd's hand and pulled him to his feet. I caught her checking out his package, too.

"Come," she said. "I think Guy wishes to apply the lotion to every inch of Laura. It takes him so long. It is how he seduced me, you know."

Todd laughed and they went on their way. Guy smiled down at me, droning, "Turn over."

"I can do my own front," I said, teasing him.

"Ah, but you will enjoy it so much more if it is done by someone else," he quipped.

He then spread the lotion over my throat, descending subtly, and before I knew it he was caressing my breasts under my bikini top. I sighed contentedly and raised my hips after a while, anticipating the action that awaited.

When he finally got around to it, he looked around. No one seemed to be watching, so he reached into my bikini bottoms and caressed my percolating pussy. He smiled like a giddy little school-boy as he gently fingered me.

"Your husband is a lucky man," Guy murmured disappointedly.

"First of all, he's not my husband," I told him. "And second of all, Todd seems more interested in your wife than he is in me."

Guy looked at them in the distance, and then he laughed. Todd and Claudette were at the deep end of the pool, shamelessly French-kissing.

"You know, we've got a lovely suite," I told Guy. "Why don't we go up there?"

Guy stood up and his trunks bulged with his huge salami. I let him pull me to my feet, and then I mischievously squeezed his dong.

"Shall we tell Todd and Claudette some believable lies?" he asked.

"Why? Todd won't care and Claudette expects you to misbehave."

So we were off. We passed our not-so-significant others and looked at them. Claudette had her hand in his Speedo, stroking his big, thick cock.





Letters



"Oh darling, you caught us being naughty," she said, smiling up at us. "Are you going to our room or theirs?"

"Ours," I told her. "Have a nice time, Todd. We'll have dinner later around eight, if that's cool with you."

"Whatever," he said, busily groping Claudette.

"I shall telephone and make a reservation for four," Guy said. "Tonight, you will be our guests."

Back in our room, Guy peeled me like a banana, taking off my bikini. When he saw my pussy, he kissed it.

"First, we must shower," he said.

"Fine by me," I giggled.

We got into the tub and he soaped me up, nearly making me cum as he bathed my tits and pussy with his bare hands. I bathed him likewise, taking a really long time to get his cock clean.

Then we dried off, after which Guy kissed my lips and my neck before laying me on my stomach and kissing me from my shoulders down to my ass. He spread my buns and tongued my butt-hole, and then he turned me over and sucked my tits. Next, he licked my belly button before making his way to my pussy.

Just then the door opened. Imagine my surprise when Claudette and Todd came waltzing in. Without a word, she nonchalantly slipped off her swimsuit and pulled Todd's Speedo down, releasing his big cock.

Todd lay beside me on the bed, and Claudette knelt over him, letting him eat her pussy. I took hold of Guy's cock and began to kiss and lick it lovingly before taking the entire thing into my mouth.

Guy let me suck his prick to my heart's content, keeping a firm grip on my head as I swallowed him whole again and again. I was on Cloud Nine as I fondled his balls and groped his ass, never missing a beat on his hard-on.

Once I'd gotten my fill of that, he spread my legs wide and slowly eased his huge schlong into my pussy.

Claudette got on her hands and knees, reaching back and steering Todd's cock into her crinkly little asshole. I couldn't imagine how Todd could fit his pipe into such a tiny orifice. Even Guy stopped fucking me to watch, amused by the sight of them.

"Ah, that is good," the Frenchman exclaimed. "Always Claudette wishes me to try to make anal love, but always I am too big. Todd is perfect for my wife."

While Guy brought me to one squealing orgasm after another, Claudette writhed and twisted on Todd's dick. You should've seen that beautiful little minx gnashing her teeth as Todd drove his hefty hard-on into her asshole again and again.

When at last Guy pumped an enormous load of cum into my pussy, she exuberantly scrambled between my legs and sucked her husband's cum out as soon as he withdrew. Not to be outdone, I siphoned Todd's cum out of her asshole, surprising even myself.





The adrenaline must've gotten to me. After all, I'd never fooled around with another woman before, and I didn't think that I ever would. I guess it's true what they say: Never say never!

— Laura Z., Amble, PA

TAKE THE MONEY AND CUM

Last Saturday was a day that wet dreams are made of. After all, it isn't often that a suburban housewife gets laid by two complete strangers in the middle of the afternoon!

The whole thing began quite innocently when the doorbell interrupted my bath. I wrapped a towel around my dripping body and answered the door. Two good-looking men in well-cut suits greeted me.

"Hello there. We're here to give you this," one said, handing me what looked like a check.

One look at the amount had me berserk. I went apeshit when I realized that my settlement for my hard-fought lawsuit (long story) had finally arrived. I was so hysterically happy that I started hugging and kissing the men wildly. My towel fell away, so I found myself pressing my wet, naked body against them.

"Ma'am, are you sure you don't want to cover yourself up?" one of them asked.

"That's the last thing I want," I said. "What I really want to do is celebrate."

I giddily ushered the two legal couriers inside, where one thing led to another, and before I knew it, I was on the sofa with both of them.

One guy began by tonguing my tits while the other, the more aggressive of the two, went straight for my snatch. The one on my cunt had a tongue that felt better than a lot of cocks I've had, but the other stud was no slouch in that department either. Before long, they had me squirming like crazy right there on the couch.

When the one between my legs started gnawing on my clit, I arched my back and told him to drive his tongue deep into my juicy

slit. As soon as he did, I bathed it with girl-goo.

"Damn, that was tasty," he groaned, having swallowed my discharge.

"Forgive me, miss, but I've just gotta fuck this pussy of yours now," he added, unbuckling his belt as he arose between my legs.

I held my breath as I waited for him to plow into my cunt, wrapping my legs around him. As soon as he drove that slab of meat home, I cried out so loudly that it startled the both of them!

He pumped me like a maniac while the other guy knelt by my face and stuck his prick into my mouth. I circled the head with my tongue and tasted his steady stream of pre-cum while the

other guy was pounding the shit out of me.

When the first guy reached his peak and blasted a batch of warm sperm into my womb, he spasmed as if he were having a heart attack. It got me so hot that I came again, trembling as he unloaded inside of me.

Automatically, my moist lips clamped tightly around the second guy's throbbing tool, which got him off in turn. And presto: we were swept up into a three-way climax that rattled the rafters!

When my husband got home later, I showed him the check, which had more zeros on it than I'd ever seen in one place before. To celebrate, we went to the bedroom and fucked. Our sex was good, but it was nothing like that kinky threesome!

— Wanda Z., Anniston, AL



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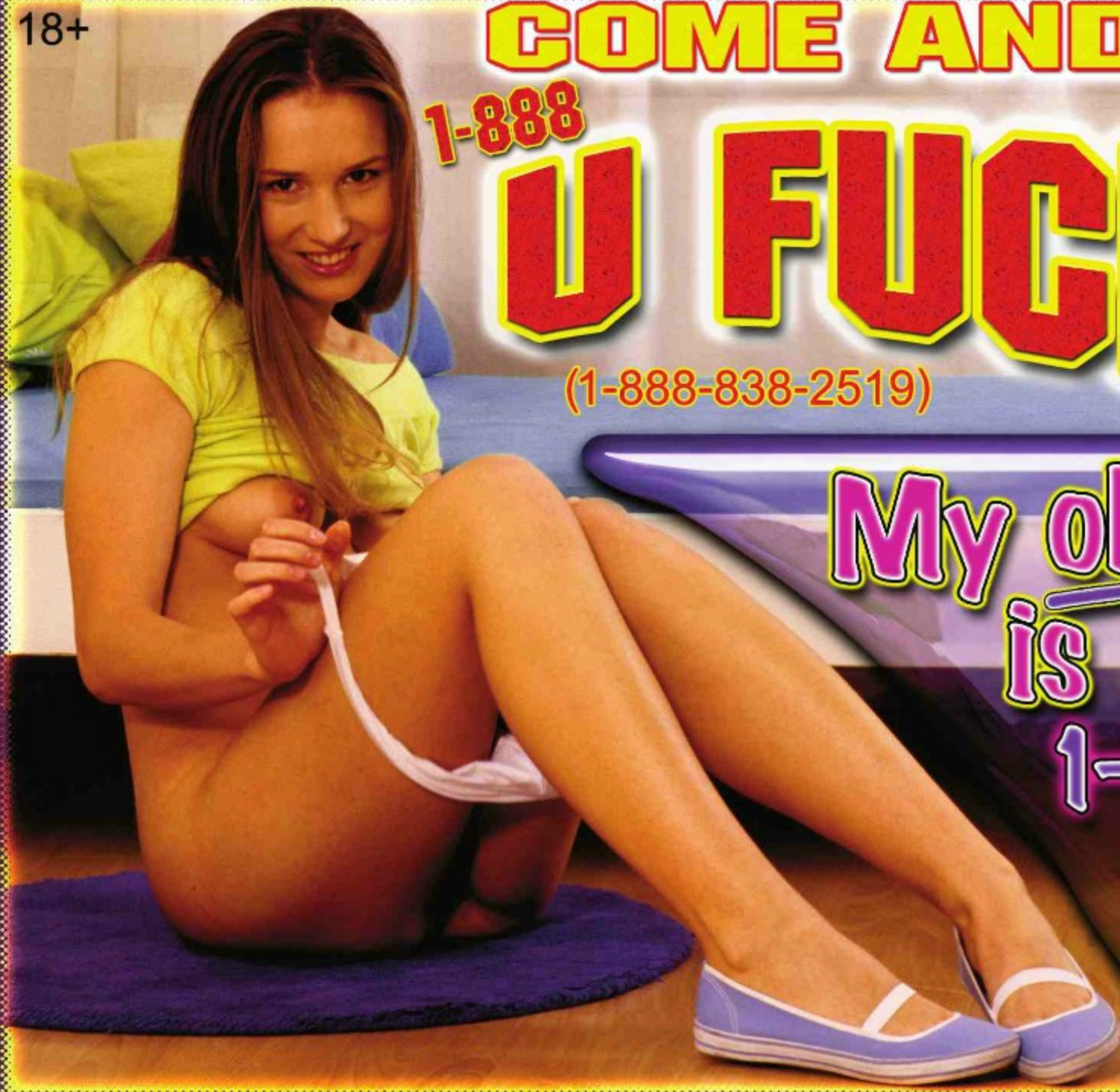
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SAPPHIC SEDUCTION

SHE FIXED MY PROBLEM LICKETY SPLIT!

Back when my husband and I were newlyweds, all we had was each other. Consequently, we spent every second that we weren't working our fingers to the bone fucking each other senseless. Those were hard years, but in retrospect, they were the best of my life.

Then my husband got a new job, and he started spending more and more time at the office, until it got to the point where I barely saw him anymore. At first, I consoled myself by enjoying the fruits of his labor. But soon, shopping became a bore, and I spent all my time alone in our huge house, exercising to keep my figure toned (not that my husband ever noticed) and watching television.

That's why I was particularly distraught when my cable cut out right in the middle of my favorite show. I called the cable company right away, and they said they'd send someone over to look at it as soon as possible. In cable company terminology, "ASAP" usually means "in seven or eight hours," so I figured I had plenty of time before they showed up. I did my morning exercises, and then took a nice, long bath.

Imagine my surprise when the doorbell rang while I soaked in the tub, softly caressing my poor, neglected pussy. I cursed the poor timing and dried off, throwing a robe over my nude body on the way to the door.

I was expecting the usual fat, balding man who could barely keep his eyes off my tits long enough to fix my service. But when I opened the door, standing on my porch was a petite brunette with dazzling brown eyes, bow-shaped lips and unblemished alabaster skin. She was so hot that I was at a loss for words.

"Miss?" she asked. "Are you all right?"

I broke out of my trance and said, "I'm fine. But please, call me Natalie."

"Nice to meet you, Natalie," she said. "My name's Linda."

I welcomed her in, wishing that I could get a better look at her body. I'm no mufdiver, but I'd been curious to see how the

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Euphoria swept over me as I came, my cunt nectar gushing into her yap. She downed it all, running her tongue over my slit until I cooled down.



other half lived for some time. In fact, I'd just been having a lesbo fantasy in the bathtub.

I showed her to the TV and told her the problem, then she went right to work. She bent over to check out the cable jack, and I was pleased to check out her firm, round butt.

"Everything looks fine here, Natalie," she said. "The problem might be outside on the wire. I'll be right back."

"No problem. Let yourself out and in. I was just finishing up a bath," I said in a flirty sort of way, almost hoping that she would get the hint.

When she left, I flung my robe open and hopped back in my oversized tub and started diddling



Letters



SATISFACTION GUARANTEED



myself rapidly, imagining that Linda was licking my moist cooze. I was well on my way to orgasm when I heard the front door open, then heard footsteps coming towards my master bath.

"I think I found the problem," she said, then smiled when she saw me.

"It's such a hot day. Would you like to relax here for a few minutes?" I asked invitingly.

Linda didn't even seem shocked as she started sliding out of her clothes. Her skimpy white tank top that was plastered to her skin with sweat. She obviously wore no bra, as evidenced by the sight of her dark, hard nipples through the slightly transparent material.

"You don't mind, do you?" she asked, fanning herself.

"Of course not," I said, as I checked out her delectable melons. "Make yourself comfortable. Speaking of which, what do you say we switch to something a little stronger?"



"You know what's crazy?" Linda said. "I just got myself off last night thinking of a scenario just like this one."

"I guess dreams do come true," I replied.

Our eyes locked for an awkward moment as we decided what we were going to do about this obviously mutual attraction. Finally, we came together in unison, our lips meeting in a sweet, gentle kiss.

In the blink of an eye, I was overwhelmed with lust, tongue-kissing her with all the suppressed horniness that had accumulated within me. I helped her get out of the rest of her clothes, rendering her buck-naked in record time in the tub with me.

Her brown nipples were hard, her smooth, shaved cuntlips devoid of even the slightest sign of stubble. She had to have shaved before she left the house this morning, and the thought made my mouth water.

We kissed some more, our boobs mashing together as we explored each other's body. Linda sucked my nipples, her wet





Letters



tongue circling them until I was manic with arousal. I held my breath as she drifted lower and tongued my pussylips, pleasuring me beyond belief. She practically sucked my entire pussy into her mouth, plunging her tongue deep be-tween my labia.

I played with my tits while she lapped away at my cunt, licking higher with every stroke until she reached my hyper-sensitive clit. She wiggled her middle finger into my hole at the same time, pumping it while tickling my nubbin with the very tip of her tongue.

I shrieked like a banshee as she tongued my nubbin. Euphoria swept over me as I came, my cunt nectar gushing into her yap. She downed it all, running her tongue over my slit until I cooled down.

I pulled her back onto the side of the tub and kissed her, tasting my twat sauce on her lips. It tasted so delicious that I was curious to find out what hers tasted like.

Linda spread her legs, baring her bald twat. She splayed her pussylips for me,



SATISFACTION GUARANTEED





Letters



exposing the shiny pink flesh inside. I took a deep breath and took the plunge, tentatively licking her slit. It tasted slightly sweeter than my snatch, and I loved the texture. It was so slippery and warm, and after a few minutes, I was licking her pussy like an old pro.

I soon got bolder, lapping from asshole to clit, and she clutched my hair, pressing my face into her crotch as I chowed down on her cooze. I jabbed my tongue as far into her fuckhole as it could go, overjoyed by the copious amount of cunt sauce that gushed out. Then I went after her clit, swirling my tongue around it and batting it around like a cat toy.

I teased her for a while, lightly jabbing at her stiff bulb. When I finally sucked it, she yelped, mashing my face into her twat. It only took a few brief moments to make her pussy juice flow like a leaky fire hydrant, coating my face with her goo.

Afterward, we cuddled, our wet pussies pressed together. Then we started kissing and caressing again, and she had a brainstorm. "Do you have any toys?" she asked.

"As a matter of fact, I do," I said with a sly smirk.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED





Letters



SATISFACTION GUARANTEED



I hopped out and went into my nightstand drawer and returned in record time with my favorite dildo.

"You certainly are prepared!" Linda exclaimed.

"If you don't come prepared, you don't cum at all!" I quipped.

I spread my legs as Linda twisted one head between my labes, screwing the fake cock into me. I felt every ridge of the ribbed shaft as she plunged it in, filling my box. It felt so good, especially when she kissed me tenderly while shoving inch after inch into me.

She slid a good six or seven inches into my twat before she lay down with her pussy facing mine. She worked her fingers into her own cooze as she fucked mine, stirring the dildo around in my snatch. I used my pussy muscles to squeeze the cock out of me a little. I gasped when she worked it back into me.

We frenched avidly, our nipples rubbing together as I rode the dildo. I gasped when my pussy clenched up, an orgasm

sweeping through my body. Linda humped me for a while longer before she juiced all over her fingers, shuddering as we lazily entwined our tongues.

After a little while, Linda climbed off of me, disengaging the dong from my twat with a wet slurping sound, and out of the tub. "I'd love to stay all day, beautiful," she said as she dried off and started getting dressed, "but I've got rounds to make."

"Will I ever see you again?" I asked.

"Sure," she replied. "The next time your cable goes out, just task for me."

That's just what I did the very next day, when I "accidentally" yanked my cable jack out of the wall.

Now I call the cable company at least twice a month, but the irony is, with Linda keeping me company, I barely watch tv anymore. I would rather be a doer, than a watcher anyway. 🐾

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THE SECRET OF MY SUCKCESS

I frowned at the young woman sitting across my desk from me. Her name was Kelly, and we were meeting about her company doing some of our outsourced work.

The meeting was not going well, to say the least. Although she was a real looker, with a beautiful face and a hot body to match, the presentation was atrocious. Strangely, several of her other clients had written her glowing letters of recommendation, although for the life of me I couldn't figure out why.

I pursed my lips and softly sighed. I would have loved to work alongside a sexy chick like Kelly, but I couldn't justify using her company just because she was hot.

As the meeting neared its end, I leaned back in my chair and asked, "Do you have anything else to add, Kelly? Anything at all?"

"Well, there is one thing I can do that all of my other clients have been really happy with," she said.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It would be easier for me to show you than to tell you about it," she replied. "May I?"

"Please do," I said.

Kelly calmly got up and closed the blinds at the front of my office. Then she locked the door. Next, she rounded my desk, smirking at me.

And then, without a word, she sank to her knees at my feet. I gasped as she boldly began to undo my pants without a word, after which she rummaged around in there and whipped out my chubby.

Not wasting time, she started running the flat of her tongue along my hard-on. I reflexively clutched the armrests of my chair, feeling my pulse soar.

Despite the blood pounding in my ears, as well as my cock, I had the presence of mind to take my phone off the hook. Then I laid a gentle hand on her bobbing head and watched her go to work on my wang.

She had obviously written the book on cocksucking — deftly jerking my dick at the root with only her thumb and index finger while swirling her tongue around my shaft.

I unbuttoned her blouse and toyed with her jugs as she sucked me off, applying so much suction that her pretty face turned beet-red. And even when I started tugging on her nipples so that she whimpered around my meat, she still never stopped blowing me.

Kelly slurped on my cock until I felt the impending explosion amassing in my balls. I didn't even bother to warn her when I felt my orgasm bearing down on me. Kelly was a real team player, let me tell you, taking my DNA bomb in the mouth and drinking it all down without a single complaint.

As I caught my breath, she hopped up onto my desk and seductively peeled off her panties without removing her skirt. She teasingly held them under my nose, beaming at me.

I smelled the pungent aroma of her pussy. Then she flipped up her skirt and revealed that she was a fan of Brazilian waxing — her cunt



was completely hairless. I splayed her labes with both thumbs, exposing her succulent pink interior. It glistened with her love juices, some of which trickled out of her as I lowered my head to her slit.

Kelly sighed when I drew the tip of my tongue around her labes, and her emphatic gasp at my penetrating her with my tongue was extremely gratifying. I squatted and gripped her supple thighs, holding them back to get as much of my tongue into her as possible. She gripped my head firmly and started bucking her ass up off of the desk.

Kelly's pussy was the most delicious I'd ever eaten. I lapped at her clit and slipped my forefinger into her cunt, stirring it around in there for a minute before adding my middle finger. I pumped her with two digits while sucking on her clit as well.



When I started batting her little love button back and forth with my tongue, that was it for her. Kelly's creamy spray gushed into my mouth, and I swilled it down.

Naturally, we've been working on projects together since, and I'll tell you what. It's the best move I ever made!

— Lou D., Lawrence, KS

LIP SERVICE

My wife Heather and I were really looking forward to our trip back to Acapulco. It had been the site of our honeymoon 20-plus years ago, and we hoped that reliving these memories would rekindle the passion that we'd felt as newlyweds.

her firm tits. Her nipples appeared to be stiff with desire already. They looked good enough to eat.

I stepped to the bed and took off my pants, grinning at her. I licked my lips as I climbed in, which made Heather giggle as she moved over to make room for me. Our lips came together, and I stuck my tongue into her mouth, entangling it with her own. She started sucking on my tongue with a passion that soon had us both panting, and I delighted in her satiny-smooth skin as I slid my hands along it.

Her full tits pressed against my chest, and I couldn't help fondling them as we tongue-wrestled, making sloppy sounds that were music to my ears. I bent down and started sucking on her hooters, and she arched her back, clasp me to her as her breathing sped

After that, Tiffany eagerly sucked me off. Her full lips glided up and down my shaft as she bobbed away, impaling her mouth on my hard-on without cease.



"When we're there, we should try some new things," said Heather. "Like what?" I asked.

"Oh, you'll see," she said mysteriously.

I didn't press the issue, but I couldn't help wondering if my wife was finally warming to the idea of oral sex. We'd argued over it a bit early on in our marriage, but since then, I'd more or less accepted that she just couldn't get into it.

On our first night there, we went out to our favorite restaurant. Everything was perfect, particularly the tequila sunrises. Afterward, back at the hotel, my wife prepared my surprise while I was in the bathroom, brushing my teeth.

I gasped when I entered the bedroom. Heather lay atop the sheets, wearing a pair of black, lace panties and nothing else. At home, she would've been under the sheets, wearing a cotton nightgown that was more or less shapeless. She's pretty as hell, but she's always been something of a prude.

With her long, flaxen hair fanned out around her on the pillow, Heather smiled at me, looking adorably nervous. My gaze settled on





Letters



up. Behind closed doors, she could get cooking with the best of them, but now she really seemed like a blossoming sex kitten. I wondered what had caused this transformation.

Heather delicately took hold of my cock and started jerking me off. My wife and I hadn't been so aroused by each other in ages! My hands were sweaty as all hell as I undid the little bows on the sides of Heather's thong panties. I unveiled her bush and smiled, cupping her mound and then slipping my middle finger into the groove between her labia. I wiggled it back and forth to tease her for a bit, and then I delved inside.

Heather closed her eyes and breathed deeply, letting her head tilt back into the plush pillows. After I patiently fingered her for a bit, she sat up and gave me a lingering kiss that made a drop of pre-cum leak out of my knob.

Then it was the moment of truth. She slowly hunkered down, grasping my hard-on. My mouth fell open with surprise, and I wondered if the unthinkable was actually going to happen after all these years.

I shivered as Heather swirled her tender tongue around my cockhead, and then it was anchors away. My beloved better half had obviously been practicing (God only knows what she had used as a mock cock), because as I sat there in awe she proceeded to cram my hard-on into her throat, not gagging despite how deep she took it.

I clenched the sheets tightly in my fists as Heather went to work on my dick. She bobbed slowly at first, getting the hang of it, but before long, she started moving with greater speed, slurping noisily on my meat as I gripped her head.

It felt so fucking incredible that I had to modulate my breathing to hold back my eruption. To further distract myself, I reached underneath her and started feeling up her tits. She must have liked that, because she started humming around my shaft.

All of a sudden, it got too good to hold back any longer, so I let it fly — busting a nut in Heather's mouth. It was one of the most breathtaking climaxes I've ever had, and she didn't spoil it by not swallowing. When she gulped down every drop of my load, I was moved beyond words.

Being a good husband, I naturally ate out my wife's pussy afterward. She seemed tense at first, but she eventually relaxed and got into it, which certainly wasn't hard to see coming. And neither was Heather, for that matter. I licked and slurped at her box for only about 15 minutes when she abruptly came in my mouth, quenching my thirst with a real gusher.

We spent the rest of our vacation enjoying crazed oral sex with each other. In fact, for the next month or so, we only fucked about a handful of times. That's because we were too busy catching up on lost oral time and cumming in each other's mouth!

— Sid M., New Rochelle, NY

COLLEGE CHUGGING

One year, the college I attended overestimated the number of students who'd be living in the dorms. As a result, I was assigned to a boarding house off-campus. The dean assured me that a place would open up eventually, as many students frequently left mid-semester.

Since it was wintertime, the boarding house wasn't very busy. In fact, on most nights it was just me and the cutie who owned the place. Her name was Tiffany, a cute blonde who could've passed for a coed, although she was in her late thirties.

I often jerked off to fantasies of her, but I never thought that I had a real shot at her. After all, she was dating some Yuppie dude named Josh, though she only saw him on weekends. Then things changed.

Tiffany, who usually played down her looks with baggy sweats and no makeup, started to come to dinner wearing skimpy dresses that showcased lots of cleavage. And she also started applying makeup for the occasion, getting all gussied up for our little two-person meals. Then one morning, it all came to a head—in more ways than one...

Tiffany sauntered into the kitchen wearing a short robe that displayed the pale tops of her tits as she leaned over in front of me to serve breakfast. She wasn't wearing a bra, and those suckers were right in my face.

That's when she made my day, my year, and maybe even my life. She looked down at me and grinned, purring, "See something else you'd rather nibble on?"

The desire that had been pent up inside of me all semester suddenly exploded. I hastily untied her robe in the blink of an eye and mauled her mouth-watering mams, groping them with both hands and sucking them with reckless abandon.

Tiffany chuckled, amused by my excitement, and I loved the affectionate way that she ran her fingers through my hair. I wedged my hands down between her legs, sliding my fingers through her bush, and then I reached paradise.

"I broke up with Josh, you know," she mewed. "I caught him cheating. But I'm glad. I'm glad because I've wanted to get closer to you ever since you moved in."

An enraptured tongue kiss was the only reply I could think of, having already inserted two fingers into her moist muff, and as I worked them in and out of her cunt I fleetingly wondered if her bedroom was now our bedroom.

She had me scoot my chair back, and then she pulled out my dick. She started giving me a tender handjob as we swapped spit, and I humped my loins up to meet her sensual handiwork. Then she took my hand and led me into her bedroom.

Tiffany stretched out on the bed and spread her legs wide. I crawled up between them and slipped my tongue between her cuntlips, running it back and forth as if painting a fence. She groaned as I swabbed out her folds, closing her eyes and languidly running her fingers through her own hair.

I went after her clit next, lightly pinching it between my teeth, and she started breathing heavily. She started writhing atop the bedspread, begging me not to stop. I decided not to tease her, plowing my tongue into her cooze and tongue-fucking her as best I could.

I reached up and squeezed her tits as I feasted on her hair pie, and she must've liked me as much as she'd claimed, because soon



enough she convulsed her way through a violent orgasm, giving me a taste of her pussy juice in the process.

After that, Tiffany eagerly sucked me off. Her full lips glided up and down my shaft as she bobbed away, impaling her mouth on my hard-on without cease.



Letters



I began grunting like never before, and she impressed me beyond measure with her cocksucking prowess, and before all was said and done it was all I could do not to break down in tears of joy.

As beautiful a piece of ass as Tiffany was, it was a minor miracle that I'd managed to stave off orgasm for as long as I had. But when she swallowed my rod all the way down to the root, making a real racket with all of her slurping and moaning, I was at the end of my rope.

I sat bolt upright and vigorously started bucking my pelvis at her, gritting my teeth. Then I unloaded my load into her mouth, pumping out a batch of batter so heavy that it truly surprised even me.

What surprised me even more was that when she swallowed, her rosy cheeks alternately ballooning and caving as she wildly sucked down my eruption. I came so much that I didn't see how she could down it all without missing a beat, but she did.

Ever since, Kelly has sucked me off whenever I wanted. Sure, we have sex, but she seems to prefer oral to anything else. That's fine with me.

Two weeks later, I received notice that a dorm room had recently become available. At first, I was understandably disappointed. But good ol' Tiffany cheered me up by reminding me that all I had to do was move my stuff into the place. I could still share her bed even while supposedly living on campus.

That seemed like a plan to me. My only worry is over my grades. How am I ever supposed to put my nose in a book when my dick is always in Tiffany's mouth?

— Mitchell E., Charlottesville, VA

COED HEAD

"Aw, please, Rob?" whined Holly. "Just write this one paper for me, and I'll never ask for another favor, I swear."

I shook my head. Holly was a gorgeous blonde whose dorm room was right next to mine, and I wasn't accustomed to declining the wishes of gorgeous women. However, she had used me so often that semester that I finally decided it was time to put my foot down. I did have some self-respect, after all.

"I'm sorry, Holly," I said, sighing as I shook my head, "but I've got a physics exam in two days. I just don't have the time. I'm really sorry."

"Oh c'mon," she pouted, stamping her foot. "You can study tomorrow. If you do this for me, I'll be very grateful..."

"How grateful?" I asked.

"Write the paper and see," she said, licking her lips suggestively.

Man, my heart was hammering so hard that you could've seen the thumping of it through my shirt if you looked closely. Still, through sheer pride alone, I managed to keep my voice under control as I said, "I'm sorry, Holly. I just can't do it. I am really jammed up on time."

"Do I have to spell it out for you?" she asked. "Write this paper for me and I promise to suck you off and keep sucking until your balls are empty."

Now my heart skipped a beat. I couldn't believe my ears. She was totally serious!

I sprouted a rock-hard hard-on at once, my mouth going bone-dry. I actually gulped like a total dweeb.

Of course, I wrote the term paper for her and made sure that there wasn't a single mistake. It was easy for a bookworm like me.

I knocked on her door when I was finished with the paper. Fortunately, her roommate was away. Naturally, Holly thanked me





profusely and ushered me into her room. "Ready for your thanks?" she said, a sexy glint in her eye.

She slowly dropped to her knees right before my eyes. I started breathing heavily as she unzipped my fly and released my cock, which jutted free as if spring-loaded.

I could hardly believe it was really happening. After all those jerk-off fantasies starring Holly, after a full semester of teasing that had me at my wit's end, the goddess next door was actually about to suck my cock!

She gave my bulbous knob a soft, lingering smooch, then she started licking. She laved her tongue all over my staff like an ice cream cone, reducing me to putty. Immediately, pre-cum started streaming out of the tip, and I had to think about periodic tables just to keep from cumming already.

Holly smoothed back a stray lock of blond hair behind her ear, and I watched with breathless anticipation as her bow-shaped lips parted to admit my cockhead. My whole body tingled as her lips glided along the shaft, and when her tongue first made contact with my tip, it was like I'd been electrified.

Of course, I'd been blown before, but never by a gal who was anywhere near as hot as Holly. Her lips, mouth and tongue combined to give my prick a massage that beat getting laid by a mile. I reached down and groped her tits as she played my organ.

I'd like to be able to say that I held out for as long as possible, but that wouldn't be true. My arousal was too awesome, as was Holly.

When I felt my climax closing in on me, I didn't hold back. I'd never been a big gusher, so Holly didn't have to gulp down a river or anything, but she did happily drink all of the cum that I did manage to crank out.

Then she sat back and said, "There. Was it worth all the work?"

"Definitely," I replied, out of breath.

"You know, I've got another paper due in two weeks," she said. "Interested?"

Interested? As far as I'm concerned, Holly never has to write another paper as long as she lives. In my opinion, she's much better at oral exams.

— Rob C., Providence, RI

THREE DATE RULE

I'd finally caved and tried out one of those online dating sites all of my friends had been raving about. I expected the worst, but to my surprise, the first girl I hooked up with was a real cute chick named Rosa.

We got along famously at dinner, and I thought I had it in the bag when she invited me back to her place afterward. But there was a catch, of course, which she explained to me outside her door.

"There's something that you should know," she said. "I never fuck on the first date."

I tried not to let my disappointment show.

"That's fine with me," I lied.

"But I'm not a total prude," she said. "There are some fun things we can still do."

"Like what?" I asked.

"Well, how would you like to eat my pussy?"

I felt myself smile from ear to ear.

We didn't waste any time. A minute later, Rosa was lying on her bed, her legs splayed wide open. I had already removed her panties and ducked down between her thighs, peppering them with kisses before going for glory. I waited for what seemed like an eternity before I actually touched her clit, doing my best to get her motor purring before we got to it.

When we did, I knew that my efforts up to that point had not been in vain. Her twat was as wet as any I'd ever seen. I licked and slurped at her steaming hole, trying to stimulate every nerve ending she had.

I rhythmically massaged her inner thighs while lapping away at her pussy, nuzzling her smooth mound with my goatee every now and then. She groaned and squirmed on the bed, panting my name and moaning.

Then I moved up to her clit and gnawed on it for a while. I parted her labes so that I could see her little love button and then I simply stopped, letting her think about things for a few teasing moments.



Letters



"Alright, alright, I get it!" she laughed. "Now eat me!"

I laughed myself, and then I buried my tongue in her dripping-wet cooze — tongue-fucking her as hard and as deep and as fast as I possibly could. I slid my index and middle fingers into her pussy and pistoned them back and forth, diddling her rapidly when I returned to sucking on her clit. That's when Rosa started flailing her arms and legs wildly, as if she were getting her brains fucked out.

I knew that she had to be close to climax at that point, so I worked over her clit relentlessly. She came a flood after that, releasing a torrent of pussy juice into my mouth. And of course, it was my pleasure to drink that sweet, sweet nectar.

After that performance, it was a given that I would get a second date with Rosa. Again, she invited me back to her place, and again she told me that she wasn't going to fuck me. She did, however, give me a killer blowjob, slobbering on my prick before letting me shoot my spunk all over her face.

Tomorrow we're going out again. I'm keeping my fingers crossed that the three date rule is in effect.

—Harry H., Danbury, CT

SUCKING STAFF

In the six years that I've been married to Jerry, all we've ever done sexually is straight sex, and by that I mean that we only boink in mis-

sionary position. Jerry thinks oral sex and sodomy are wrong. I was a virgin when I married him so didn't know any better, but I learned fast.

Last fall, I started a new job where I struck up a friendship with a co-worker named Chris. He's 27, two years my junior, and he's



married to Debra, a stunning 25-year-old. Chris is a witty guy who can make me laugh at will. He loves his wife, as I love Jerry, but a problem arose.

Chris and I confide in each other, and I once confessed that Jerry and I had never engaged in oral sex. Chris confessed that Debra found oral sex disgusting, just as my spouse did, but Chris himself loved it and had enjoyed it on countless occasions before he met Deb.

Naturally, I wanted to know more, and over the next few weeks Chris told me about his oral escapades, even teasing me a little about what I'd missed out on. The more I thought about it, the more I wanted to try it. I began reading stories that dealt with the subject, hoping to satisfy my curiosity vicariously, but I only succeeded in intensifying it.

But then I had an idea, and I eventually told Chris. I said that I wanted to try oral sex, but that cheating on my husband was out of the question. Wondering if I was nuts for doing what I was about to do, I took a deep breath and then took the plunge. I suggested that Chris and I help each other out by being oral partners. We would never fuck, though, so as to maintain some sort of fidelity.

Chris was surprised, but he eventually came around, and once he did, we arranged a little tryst. One weekend when Jerry was off playing golf and Debra was out shopping, Chris became the first person to lick my pussy.

It was even better than I imagined! I started cumming after only a couple of minutes — my formerly platonic pal tongue-lashing my muff like you wouldn't believe. When he locked onto my clit, I screamed in ecstasy. I felt sensations taking place in my pussy that were totally new to me.

I had no idea it would feel so wonderful! It was like certain nerves were being touched for the first time in my life and all I could think about was how great it felt!

I started writhing and hyperventilating as I clutched Chris' head. And when I came, so much juice poured out of my pussy I thought poor Chris might drown.

Afterward, as I gathered myself, Chris showed me his cock, and I took the opportunity to examine it. I held it in both hands, pleased by its warmth. The knob was purplish and the veins in his shaft seemed to pulse. I squeezed it and watched clear fluid seep out, wondering how my husband could be so uptight about sex.

Tentatively, I licked the fluid and smacked my lips a few times. Then I licked all around the spongy head and tasted a salty sweetness that I found delicious. I felt my pussy lubricate as I fondled his balls.



I was ready for the main event now, so I opened my mouth and carefully took Chris' cock into it. I loved the way it throbbed on my tongue, and the groaning that it triggered in him felt even better.

I guess it really had been a long time since his last blowjob, because after only a few minutes of my meticulous sucking, he bucked into my mouth and came, grunting as I savored the flavor. He fucked my mouth vigorously, milking out every drop of sperm between my tightly compressed lips. It was yummy!

I've learned many techniques since then, and Chris and I always enjoy our suck sessions. We still love our respective spouses, though, and that's why we still restrict ourselves to just oral sex.

Lately, I've been thinking about another thing that I'd like to try. I'm going to see if Chris will fuck my tits. That's not cheating, is it?

— Pamela A., Provo, UT

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WOMEN'S STUDIES

Marion is my attractive, 45-year-old neighbor. She doesn't look a day over 30, and I've been her secret lover for the past six months. No one has the least suspicion that I'm getting into her panties when her husband isn't home. I guess that's because she's good at playing the part of a "respectable" married woman, while I'm just an "inexperienced" college freshman.

Marion assumes that I'm faithful to her, just like she's supposed to be faithful to her husband. Little does she know that I'm just as faithful to her as she is to that poor bastard she married. Her belief that she's the only woman I'm banging is based on the fact that I

fuck her so often. By her logic, no one could possibly handle more pussy than she's giving me. The way I see it, it serves her right for underestimating me.

Anyway, I live with my friends Jimmy and Nancy. Jimmy and I have been best buddies since grade school, but that doesn't stop me from porking Nancy whenever he's out of the house.

Marion would probably freak out if she knew that I'm balls-deep in Nancy's pussy every chance I get, but I can't help it. Nancy is a beautiful chick with a body that would give a hard-on to a eunuch. And they're not the only chicks I'm fucking. I'm also screwing Lucy, who is a friend of both of them.

Lucy however, knew that I was fucking both Marion and Nancy. That's how it got started between her and me, actually. Marion bragged to her that she'd found the most satisfying stud in the whole world, which caused Lucy to believe that I had something really special in my pants. It didn't take her long to let me know that whenever her husband wasn't around, her pussy was available, too.

I regarded each woman as a real trophy in her own right, but Lucy was unique in that she was my only conquest who gave me problems. She was on a feminist kick, and I found it very frustrating. She was forever complaining that I only lusted after her body and wasn't interested in her mind.

"All you care about is my pussy," she told me. "Whenever we're alone, all your attention is on my cunt. It's like the rest of me doesn't matter." Ha! That wasn't true. I spent plenty of time on her tits, too.

"You don't appreciate my intellect," she went on. "You never talk to me about things that are really important in life. There's more to life than just sticking your prick into my pussy, you know."

I would just smile and lay some sweet talk on her, and before long, we were fucking again. I knew she was probably right, but who notices if a woman is intelligent when she has a great set of knockers?

We got along great most of the time, because most of the time my cock was in her pussy or (better yet) her mouth. The trouble was, when we were through fucking, I couldn't think of anything to talk to her about. And listening to her babble put me to sleep.

But she did manage to talk me into attending a night class for Women's Studies. I didn't mind. After all, I'd been studying women for years now.

Anyhow, one of the first things I found out about them was that older women—married, divorced, or widowed—are surprisingly easy to fuck. Most of the time, they're not about to pass up a chance to make it with a horny, young stud like me when their hubbies



are gone. Near as I could tell, all they wanted from me was a good, sound fucking, which they always got. And not one of them asked me if I loved her for her mind.

Well, the instructor of the Women's Studies class was Ms. Smith, a fine-looking specimen by anyone's standards. Her body was simply outstanding. I couldn't decide what to admire most: her lovely legs, her superb ass or her luscious tits.

It was a safe bet that there wasn't a guy in the classroom who didn't have a hard-on after getting an eyeful of her. I sure had one. I wanted to fuck Ms. Smith so bad that if thinking about it were a crime, I'd have gotten the chair.

Lucy wanted me to come home with her, but I wanted to stay after class to talk to the teacher. As we discussed my problems with the course, I couldn't help checking out her breasts. She caught me at one point and smiled, which is when she suggested that I call her Cathy.

"I don't really understand this whole sexual-harassment thing, Cathy," I told her. "I mean, what makes one situation harassment and another flirtation? I don't get it."

Cathy's gaze trailed down my body and then she smiled. I gulped when I realized that I'd pitched a tent in my pants.

"Let me give you an example," she said. "Suppose it were very important that you get high marks in this course. And suppose I told you that you'd fail unless you came home with me tonight and rocked my world all night long. That would be sexual harassment."

"I see," I told her, giving her a big grin. "But suppose I invited you to come home with me. Would that be sexual harassment, too?"

I teased her twat by rubbing the head of my dick back and forth along the moist lips of her pussy, making her writhe. I did that until she begged me to plow her.

Cathy smiled and said, "No, because there's no ultimatum involved. And it's

okay for an adult to proposition another adult... once. But after it's been established that the other person isn't interested, you have to let it go."

"Ah, that makes sense," I said. "So would you like to come home with me tonight?"

She laughed and mulled it over for a moment, clearly amused by my boldness. "You've got yourself an overnight guest," she purred.

Luckily, Nancy and Hal had gone away for the weekend, so Cathy and I had the place to ourselves. As soon as I got her home and locked the door behind us, she leapt into my arms and laid a long, passionate kiss on my lips. I kissed her right back, clutching her yummy asscheeks.

We sat on the couch, where I tugged her top up over her head and removed her bra. Her full, fleshy tits were almost perfectly round. I sucked on one fat nipple while tweaking the other.



Then I slipped my hand under her skirt and fingered her pussy until she sailed

off into her first orgasm. It took some work, due to her endless squirming, but that just turned me on more, especially when she started squealing and her twat juiced up. She came like a flood.

"Oh honey!" she sputtered, catching her breath. "You really know how to get a woman hot."

"That's what I do," I replied with a wink.

Once we were fully naked, we embraced, hugging and kissing as she stroked my boner and I gripped her bare ass. The way her tits smushed up against my flesh had me leaking pre-cum all over her fingers. I had to take things to the next level before I prematurely ejaculated on her hand.

So we went upstairs to my bedroom and hit the hay. Cathy spread her legs, and I crawled between them without hesitation. I teased her twat by rubbing the head of my dick back and forth along the moist lips of her pussy, making her writhe. I did that until she



Letters



begged me to plow her. It felt awesome the way she rubbed her smooth legs against my sides, trying to draw me in.

"What you're doing is sexual harassment, teasing me like that," she giggled. "Just shove your cock up in there already!" Cathy wriggled around delightfully beneath me as I buried my thick, solid shaft in her cunt. "Mmm. That's more like it," she purred.

My prick glided back and forth in her tight cunt endlessly — her juices basting my meat and lubing the way. She started climaxing again right after my prick spewed its load of cream into her womb.

We rested for a while when it was over, lazily feeling each other up. But not for long, though. Cathy intended to make the most of our "long weekend." I fucked her doggy-style when I caught my second wind, which was followed by a third wind.

We fucked throughout most of the night, like a pair of newlyweds on their honeymoon, and the rest of that glorious weekend saw more of the same. I just hope all my other girlfriends don't find out!

— Dennis R., Boulder, CO

PANTY RAIDER

Until the day I caught Bobby, the college student who does odd jobs for me, sniffing my panties, all sex was to me was something I did once a week to keep my husband happy.

Bobby was painting our guestroom, and I'd left him alone in the house while I ran a few errands. I'd changed clothes in a rush because a particular store I wanted to go to was closing soon, and I'd left some jeans, panties and a bra on my bed. It certainly didn't occur to me that my panties would present an irresistible temptation to our young handyman.

If I'd made the trip as planned, I'd have missed the wildest scene of my life. But as luck would have it, I'd left in such a hurry that I accidentally left my pocketbook on my dresser.

I'd only been gone a few minutes when I came home and went straight to my bedroom. I found Bobby standing in front of the full-length mirror with his pants around his ankles. He was sniffing the crotch of my panties while jacking his dick, which was so big that it took my breath away.

"Oh fuck! I thought you were shopping!" he gasped when he saw me.

"And I thought you were painting," I replied, unable to keep my eyes off his big, hard dick.

When Bobby saw that I was staring at his boner, he smiled.

"I've kinda got a thing for panties," he said, in a deep, sexy baritone that had my clit standing at attention.

"I can see that... a big thing," I quipped.

He grinned and wrapped the panties around his shaft.

"I like the way they feel," he said. "I like the way they smell." His breathing became heavier as he slowly began sliding the silk sheath up and down his long, hard cock.

"But I like them best when a woman is still inside them," he added, kneeling in front of me and lifting my skirt above my waist.

"Just what do you think you're doing, young man?" I coyly asked as he nuzzled my crotch, clearly loving the satin of the panties that I had on.

"Hoping you'll let me have a lick," he murmured. "You know you want me to or you would've stopped me by now."

I giggled, which was all the green light he needed. He practically covered my whole crotch with his open mouth and started sucking, siphoning my secretions right through the gossamer-thin panties. My pussylips were moist with pure pleasure as my body temperature rose.

He started groaning as if he were eating something that was indescribably delicious. I grabbed his head and shoved my mound into his face, swiveling my hips so that his lips slid all over my vulva. Then he reached up and groped my tits, squeezing them roughly with his large hands. He slid his hands down my body and took hold of my ass next, still sucking my panty-covered twat like a



Well, Darrel had a delightful time, and he reciprocated the following weekend by taking John and I to his beach house. We got along so well that other get-togethers quickly followed that one.

Soon enough, Darrel became a fixture at our dinner table. John was pleased that I went to great lengths to befriend his boss. Had he observed me a little more closely, however, he might have realized just how fond I had become of Darrel.

Then he started dropping by to see me while John was at the office. I didn't bother to tell my husband about this, because I didn't see the point in getting him jealous

over nothing. We just made small talk over coffee... at first.

In hindsight, maybe I should have realized what Darrel was up to. The way that he looked at me, like it was all he could do to keep his

fiend. I was humping his face shamelessly as I bit my bottom lip to keep from wailing my lungs out.

Bobby dug his fingers into my buns and pulled me into him, shoving his face into my panty-clad muff as hard as he could. It was like he was trying to smother himself or something!

He got so carried away that I lost my balance and toppled to the floor, but he went right along with me, his mouth never leaving my crotch for an instant.

With me lying on my back, Bobby sprawled between my legs, rolling his head languidly as he licked my cunt through my undies. I clamped my shapely legs around his head and in no time my loins were suddenly generating a warmth that swiftly spread throughout my entire body. I ran my fingers through Bobby's hair and pressed his cute face flush against my pussy as I rode out the intense spasms that flew through me from head to toe. I gasped when I realized that pussy juice was seeping right through my panties and into Bobby's mouth!

After I finished creaming, I noticed that he was stroking his stiff cock with my panties. It didn't take an expert to see that he was about to douse them with cum.

I sat bolt upright and replaced his hand with my own, caressing his hard-on lovingly. With a loud grunt, he threw his head back and blasted sperm all over my lap. Once his balls were drained, my taut thighs were spattered with gobs of gooey jism, along with the lower part of my dress. That taught me to make sure that I'm naked the next time we get it on.

And you can bet that there will be a next time, because my handyman sure cums in handy!

— Rhonda S., Henderson, NV

BOFFING HER HUSBAND'S BOSS

My husband John and I are both in our late forties. His boss, Darrel, is a distinguished-looking hunk in his early thirties. He has a reputation as a womanizer who gets all the pussy he can handle.

My husband was an ambitious man, eager to get ahead and willing to do anything to please his boss. It occurred to him that it could advance his career if he were to invite Darrel over for dinner.





Letters

hands off me, made it clear that he had designs on me. And I found that exciting. My pussy got wet whenever he came over.

I noticed that Darrel took to brushing up against my large boobs whenever he passed by me. He thought nothing of playfully goosing me here and there. I should have seen where this was leading and nipped it in the bud, but the truth is that I just didn't want to.

It all came to a head one afternoon. It was Darrel's custom to give me a goodbye kiss whenever I saw him to the door, but on this day, his innocent peck on the cheek became a brazen French kiss. I was too stunned to stop him even if I'd wanted to, and he grinned smugly at me before swaggering off to his car, leaving me hornier than I'd ever been in my life.

When he came over the day after that, he probably figured that he had me hot and horny enough to get more than just coffee and conversation. And he was right. When he rang the doorbell, I answered it in my sexiest lingerie.

I seated him on the couch in the living room and snuggled up beside him. Then I hugged him and planted a kiss on him that made his prick as stiff as a crowbar. When I let him up for air, I said, "Damn you, you've been teasing me for long enough. You always light my fire and then just leave it burning. But this time, you're going to finish what you started."

With that, I exposed my jiggling boobs to his rapt gaze and pulled his face into them, saying, "Feast on these, handsome. You've certainly been checking them out long enough."

I was thrilled at the way he gorged himself on my breasts like he hadn't eaten in ages. He sucked ravenously on my stiff nipples, and that wasn't all he was doing. His hand was up my negligee, getting acquainted with my cunt.

When he began teasing my clit, I just let it all hang out, wailing like a banshee. He already had me soaking wet, so rubbing my clit soon swept me away into an orgasm that left me breathless.

It took me awhile to recover, and when my head cleared, Darrel was still sucking on my boobs and fingering my twat, building me up for a second climax. I wanted more than just his fingers in my pussy, though. "Alright, it's time to unzip your pants and show me what you've got," I said.

Grinning at me with confidence written all over his face, he stripped down to the buff and stood before me with his hands on his hips. With what he was packing between his legs, he had good reason to be confident.

"You like it?" he asked. "Now how about showing me what you've got?"

In the blink of an eye, all of my clothes became history, and then I took him to bed. Darrel mounted me with a big smile on his face, taking direct aim at my muff. He penetrated me slowly, as if going in too fast would split me wide-open.

He lunged forward, feeding me more cock, only to withdraw almost all the way with smooth, gliding motions. Each time he plunged into me, he penetrated deeper, until finally his salami was all the way in, right to his balls. Then he fucked me gloriously in various positions, and I did my best to give back as good as I got. He



made me cum twice before he pulled out his prick and let me suck on it until he sprayed his goo all over my flapping tongue.

"Damn, that was great!" he panted. "We'll be doing this a lot from now on."

And he was right. Darrel gave my husband a big promotion, which meant he had to work longer hours at the office. That gave us plenty of time to fool around!

— Kay P., Fall River, MA

LONG, HOT SUMMER

All my life, I have never been satisfied with one man. After I married Barry, I was sure things would change, but the only change was for the worse. It didn't take long to get bored with fucking the same guy every night.

Then I met Guy, a wonderful divorced man who introduced me to a whole new world of pleasure. Of course, my husband had no idea. When I was out whoring with Guy, he thought I was sipping Cosmos with my girlfriends.

Two of Guy's best friends were a couple named Ida and Charlie. He told me that he and his ex used to swing with them all the time. When I heard that, I told him that I was eager to explore that avenue of sexual exploration. Guy smiled that wry grin of his and said that he'd see what he could do.

As it turned out, Charlie and Ida were interested in having a four-some, so it was easy as pie to set it up. Guy brought me over to their place one Friday night, and I felt the sexual tension in the air as soon as I entered.

We all drank like fishes, and when we were all nice and sauced, Charlie took me in his strong arms and dry-humped me to the beat of the song that was playing on the radio. I felt his huge cock rubbing against my cunt, and it made me hornier than I'd been since the first time I fucked Guy.

I watched over Charlie's shoulder as my lover put his hand under Ida's dress. She moved her hips frantically, humping his hand.

While Charlie unhooked my bra and licked my tits, Ida unzipped Guy's khakis and extracted his cock, jacking him off aggressively.

I pulled up my dress and bent over the back of the couch, tempting Charlie to fuck me. I slapped my asscheeks, saying, "Get it while it's hot!"

He pulled down my panties and dropped his drawers, exposing his hefty prick. Then he parted my ass and lunged inside my cunt. I gasped upon his entry, astounded by the size of his cock. It was so thick, I wondered how he fit it inside me in the first place.

As Charlie stroked my snatch hard and fast, Guy and Ida got down to business. They stripped and lay down on the floor, where he pounded her missionary style, her legs flailing around as she cried out ecstatically.

"Oh yes! Don't stop!" she wailed, yanking on Guy's ass to urge him deeper.

Charlie slammed me with all his might, and it only got me more aroused. I jacked my butt back, synchronizing our thrusts until delicious sensations riddled my body. I gushed girl-goo all over his groin, then slumped to the couch.

Then Charlie and I took a breather to check out the action only a few feet away. Ida was riding my lover hard, making him writhe beneath her as she churned his crank around in her insides. When he rubbed her clit, she came, shuddering like she was having a seizure instead of an orgasm.

"How about a double money shot?" Charlie suggested, so Ida and I knelt side by side and tongue-kissed while Charlie and Guy jacked off, aiming for our faces.

Guy jizzed on our conjoined lips, followed by Charlie, who plastered our cheeks with spunk. We continued kissing, passing the



creamy goo back and forth before licking each other clean like a pair of pussycats.

After we got cleaned up, Guy took me home to my husband. Barry was sitting in his favorite chair, reading yet another silly spy novel.

"So what did you girls do tonight?" he asked, more out of habit than actual curiosity.

"Oh, you know," I said, still tasting cum in my mouth. "The usual."

— Florence P., Waterbury, CT

GIVING AN INCH

My mother decided she had better things to do during the day than keep the house neat and tidy, so she hired a maid. Then she invested in a small business that took up her daytime hours.

Dad's job kept him away from home during the day, too, so since I was home from college for the summer, I ended up alone with the maid, who was a smoking-hot bombshell named Ingrid.

Mom never would have hired her if she'd known I'd spend all my time at home ogling her. Ingrid was in her forties, but she was still amazingly hot. She was a bit on the buxom side, with gelatinous tits and a plump ass. From the time I met her, I wanted to fuck her so bad that I couldn't keep my hands off her whenever my folks weren't around.

I'll never forget the first time. Ingrid came into my bedroom in the morning to make up my bed. I came out of the shower wearing only my bathrobe. I was so hot for her that I threw caution to the wind and made my move.

I shrugged off my robe, took her in my arms and kissed her heatedly. She pulled back, but I merely took the opportunity to fondle her tits, which filled my hands perfectly.





Letters

She looked into my eyes sternly and said, "I have a son your age, and if he behaved this way with a woman, he would have to answer to me!"

I grinned, replying, "It's a good thing you're not my mom, then."

She joked back, "What a terrible young man you are! I should report you."

"Look, I know you like me, and I'm only here for the summer, so why don't we just have a little fun?" I suggested. "It'll be our dirty little secret."

"What makes you think I like you?" Ingrid asked, glancing at my cock despite herself.

"Besides the fact that you are checking out my dick?" I quipped.

She gasped, and I yanked her into my arms and kissed her again. A slight smile curled her lips. "I wanna fuck you," I confessed.

Ingrid hiked up her skirt and daintily slid her skimpy panties down her curvaceous legs. I watched as Ingrid bent over my bed and placed her hands on it for support. That was all the invitation I needed.

I got behind her and ran my hands all over the satiny-smooth flesh of her bare ass. I then rubbed the head of my dick through her asscrack before centering on the puffy, moist lips of her pussy.

I held her by her hips and thrust forward, sinking half of my shaft into her cunt. I pulled back, then abruptly rammed deeper. "Damn, your pussy feels good," I murmured.

Ingrid had a surprisingly tight twat that cinched up around every last inch of my manhood. I fucked her hard and fast nonetheless — my hard thrusts making squishy sounds in her poon.

"Oh Ingrid, your pussy's so fucking tight," I grunted, reaching around to grope her tits.

The slapping of my thighs against her taut buttcheeks sounded like applause, which intensified my lust for her. Ingrid let herself get into it fully and started heaving those sweet cheeks of hers back into me to meet each thrust — her cunt clinging to my slippery shaft.

I felt myself getting close to orgasm, and I could sense that Ingrid was about to go over the edge, too. I reached down and rubbed her clit while pumping into her pussy even harder. She bucked and writhed, and when I blasted off into her, her body was a blur of motion as she came.

Afterward, I lay back in bed and watched as she put her panties back on. She smiled at me and said, "Now that we've done this once, it will be easier next time, right?"

My dick stirred at the very thought.

I could hardly wait, but the next time was the next day!

— Hank A., Summit, NJ

NAUGHTY NEIGHBOR

The house I was born and raised in was at the end of the street. Across the road from us lived a family with a good-looking daughter named Grace.

The summer after we both graduated from high school, Grace and I were together constantly. I fucked her every day — several times, in fact. After supper, we'd go to a movie or a club, or we'd chat with other couples in the park. Then I'd fuck her before I brought her home.

My cock and her pussy were together more than they were apart, right up until she went off to college in the fall.

After she was gone, I still went over to her place, because her mother liked me and made a fuss over me. Susanne was an attractive woman of 45 or so with a full round pair of tits and a nice, plump ass that made my prick stiffen up inside my jeans.

Susanne was no one's fool. She knew I'd been fucking her daughter and that I was now looking around for another pussy to stick my dick into. She knew I wanted to fuck her, and before long, she let me. Maybe her husband wasn't taking care of his bedroom chores like he should have been. Maybe Susanne just got a case of the hots for a younger stud with a big bulge in the front of his pants.

In any event, we got to fooling around on the couch one day, and things kind of got out of hand. One minute, I was squeezing her tits





with one hand and feeling around between her legs with the other. Next thing I knew, she had her mouth on my cock and was sucking me off. It was incredible!

That woman loved my big stiff, prick. She slobbered all over it, smearing her saliva up and down my shaft with her hand. When I shot off, she swallowed my load without complaint, which her daughter never did.

"You're as bad as my husband," she teased as she cuddled me in her arms while I struggled to get my breathing back to normal. "After I suck his cock, he's ready to roll over and go to sleep."

I knew she was putting me on. She could see my pecker was rising again already, and she could tell how much I wanted to fuck her by the way I was trying to bury my face in her cleavage while I rubbed her pussy through the crotch of her panties.

"Don't you worry about that," I told her. "As soon as I see you naked, my prick will be back in working order in no time."

We both undressed in a blur, and I gathered her in my arms, flattening her tits against my chest as she brazenly rubbed her pussy on my hard boner.

"Let's get into bed," she suggested. "I'll need more room than we'll have here on the couch."

Her fingers closed around my dick and she led me upstairs, my hand exploring her creamy buns the whole way. As soon as she stretched out on the bed, I climbed over her. She took hold of my cock with one hand, parted the lips of her pussy with the other and said, "Put it in me, baby. Give me that big, fat cock."

"Damn, you're tight," I gasped as my prick slowly penetrated her.

"Actually, my husband Ed complains that my pussy is kind of loose," she said. "It's just that your cock is so big."

That did wonders for my ego, and I started pounding her pussy hard, making her boobs flop around from the force of my thrusts.

"Fuck yeah! Yes, do it!" she whispered in my ear as she wriggled around beneath me, moving in harmony with my thrusting shaft. "I love your big cock. I'm going to show you how good I can make it for you. You lit my fire, and now you're really in for it!"

She moaned excitedly and wrapped her legs around me, her heels digging into my humping butt. She was soon giving me the most heavenly sensations a dude could possibly get. What joy it was to feel my tool sliding back and forth in her drenched pussy.

"So good!" I groaned.

"Yes, baby," Susanne purred. "It's good for me, too. How long do you think it's been since I made it with a horny stud like you?"

I was hunched over, sucking on one of her tits, while I pounded her pussy with my cock. She held me tightly with her arms and legs and we sailed into paradise together.

Susanne started climaxing when my driving prick began to buck and jerk inside her. She went wild when it spewed out its load of cream. When it was over, we rested, but not for long. I fucked her a second time—and then a third. We fucked like crazy in every conceivable way throughout most of the day.

Susanne and I became a steady thing after that. She gave me all the pussy I needed, and I made sure she was never without a hard cock.

— Bob D., *French Lick*, IN



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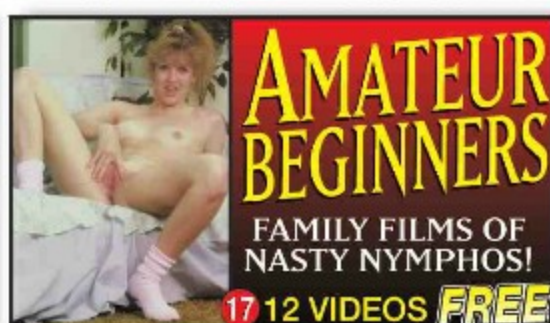
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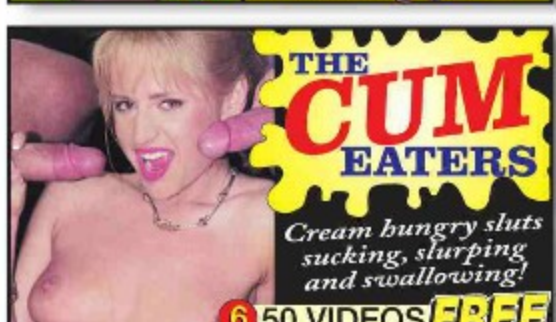
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SLIT-LICKIN' LESBIANS

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MUFF MUNCHERS

My lesbian lover Julie is one of the sexiest women in the world. She gives every guy she meets an instant hard-on. I hate to tell the guys this, but she is not available for their sexual pleasures. The only person she fucks is me, and I'm sure it will be that way for many years to come.

We are both in our mid-twenties and have been carrying on our lesbian relationship for the past five years. It has been one of the most wonderful relationships that you could ever imagine, and neither of us has ever been happier.

Just as men like women in sexy lingerie when they fuck them, we like the same thing. We both get all dressed up when we are about to feast on each other's pussy. Julie has a favorite outfit of hers, which consists of a red lace bra, garter belt and stockings. I usually wear a crotchless pair of black panties and high-heeled pumps.

Julie has the most delicious cunt cream that you would ever want to taste. The first time that I went down on her and I got a mouthful of her liquid, I could barely believe how delicious it was.

While her pussy was spasming, she sent enough of her syrup onto my tongue to fill a glass. It tasted better than the most expensive wine in the world. I drank my fill until her well had run dry.

Julie told me that she believes it has something to do with her diet, the fact that her pussy sauce tastes so divine. We couldn't very well go to a health store and ask them if there was any truth to that rumor, so I took her word for it and began trying some healthy food



of my own. The first time that Julie went down on me, she commented how wonderful my pussy tasted.

We are obsessed with each other's twats. It's almost like it's become a fetish for both of us. We think about pussy all the time. The first thing we do in the morning after we awaken in each other's arms is snack on some snatch. It's really is a great way to start the day!

I think that I like to go down on Julie more than she likes to go down on me. She'll never admit that, but I believe that to be the





truth. Her pussy is 10 times more sensitive than mine will ever be. As soon as I shove my tongue into her twat, it causes her to twitch all over the bed.

My tongue is my secret weapon, and I really know how to drill it into her horny hole. I swab all around her twat, making sure that I thoroughly scrub out her slick pussy. The harder I slurp at her, the more aroused she becomes.

Julie has fantastic cunt control, which means that she doesn't climax right away like I sometimes do. She says a lot of it has to do with the rhythm of her hips as she undulates on the bed. Sometimes I wish she would climax sooner than she does, but there is an old saying that all good things cum to those who wait.

ately gets down between my thighs and slurps on my snatch until I reward her with an abundant supply of twat nectar.

I hope that this letter will inspire some of you ladies out there to try pussy-eating. Once you slurp on a snatch, you will be hooked on it. To all of you, bon appetit, and may you always enjoy such a gourmet feast.

— Cindy C., Des Plaines, IL

NEW-TIME DYKES

A lot of young people think that anyone 40 or older is absolutely ancient. My friend Gretchen, who's about 15 years younger than me, is like this. When I turned 40, she began teasing me merci-

I braced myself for impact as she slammed the rubber ramrod into my soaked cunt. The force knocked me forward, but I shoved back, driving the dong deeper into my sex pit.



And it really is worth the wait. When her gooey sauce flows out of her snatch, there isn't any other place that I would rather be. I would pass up a chance to win a million dollars on a game show just to be down there between her legs.

I rarely if ever miss a single drop of her slit sauce. I dine on her juice until her spasms subside and her body returns to normal. After that, one good pussy suck deserves another, so she immedi-

lessly, even though I work out regularly and am proud of my shapely figure.

She prides herself on her taut, athletic body as well, so I challenged her to a friendly little wrestling match one day. There was nothing sexually charged about it. I just wanted to prove that I was in as good as shape as she was, if not better.

Gretchen is very adventurous and pretty much down for anything, so I wasn't surprised when she agreed. We cleared some space in my bedroom, moving the furniture aside so that we would have plenty of room. Then we circled each other like a couple of gladiators, sizing each other up.

"Don't worry, I'll go easy on you. Your medical insurance is paid up, right?" Gretchen taunted. I laughed, vowing to make her pay for her cockiness.

She made the first move, tackling me and trying to pin my arms above my head. Luckily, I still have excellent reflexes, so I flipped her off of me and pounced on top of her.





Letters



Tussling with her made me feel like a teenager again. It was touch and go with the battle going back and forth, but we were both having a ball. Gretchen kept asking me if I wanted to surrender, even though she was the one who sounded winded.

"What's the matter? Don't think you can go the distance with me?" I laughed. But when I eventually started to get tired, I hoped that I didn't wind up eating my words.

About 15 minutes into the match, I got the upper hand when Gretchen tried to take me down again. I quickly sidestepped her like a matador, and she went careening onto the bed. That's when the real fun started.



One of the things I'd wanted my husband to do was get me to surrender and fuck me with a dildo. He thought that that was a stupid idea, being that he had an all-natural dildo between his legs. But now that I had Gretchen in a compromising position, I asked if I could try out my fantasy with her.

At first, she didn't understand what I was saying. But when I made it explicitly clear what I had in mind, she said, "Well, okay then. Go ahead. That sounds like fun — a lot of fun, actually."

I retrieved my favorite dildo from my dresser, and Gretchen giggled as I showed it to her, making sure that she got an eyeful of every gleaming inch. "That thing is huge," she purred, smiling. "Too bad it isn't attached to my boyfriend."

"Very funny," I replied. I yanked down her sweatpants and panties, exposing her cute little pussy. "Once

we're through, you'll forget you even had a boyfriend."

"You think so, huh? Well, bring it on, babe."

I slowly slid the faux cock into Gretchen's snatch, and she moaned softly as it penetrated her. Then I shoved it deeper inside and she whimpered some more, telling me how great it felt.

Once the dildo was firmly lodged in her womb, I stirred it around inside, stimulating as much of her snatch as possible. She writhed in pleasure, her pussy becoming wetter by the second, her cunt sauce making the dildo slick.

Gretchen's eyes looked glazed as I gently twisted the dildo inside of her, mashing her clit with my thumb for good measure. I was as wet as she was, if not wetter. This was the most erotic thing that had happened to me in ages!

Suddenly, Gretchen went stiff as a board and started shrieking as her climax struck with thunderous intensity. The bed shook violently as she shuddered through the throes of her orgasm.

After she finished cumming, I removed the dildo and sucked off her delicious nectar. Once it was all gone, she chirped, "That was amazing! You think you'll be up for a rematch later?"

"I'm ready whenever you are," I replied. "In fact, next time you can do me."

That's precisely what happened when we went at it again after having a nice cocktail. Gretchen soon went home to her boyfriend, but they broke up the next day, and we've become an item. It's funny how these things happen sometimes.

— Juliet C., Bedford, MA



RUBBING THE RIGHT WAY

I've read your fantastic digest for over a year, and I have to congratulate you on presenting an open forum for the discussion of sex. While I've been a faithful reader, I never imagined I'd one day be writing my own tale of erotic splendor.

Of all the topics you present, I think the one that fascinates me the most are stories on lesbianism. I'm a heterosexual woman who has never been with a woman in her life, but for some reason, the lesbian letters stirred up my imagination, making me think what it might be like to have a woman pleasure me.

I wasn't ready to run out and seek out a female lover, but I was open to the opportunity, should it ever arise. I'm pleased to say it

did, and I had to tell my tale with the hope it might inspire other women reading this to experiment sexually.

It began one evening after a particularly stressful day at the office. I was glad to get home so I could relax. I didn't even have the strength to make any dinner, so as soon as I walked through the door, I kicked off my pumps and sprawled on the sofa.

I had just started to drift off into dreamland when there was a knock on my front door. I was tempted to ignore it, but I thought I'd better open it in case it was something important.

Standing there was my neighbor Mary Ellen from down the street. "I hope I didn't catch you at a bad time," she said smiling. "I baked some cookies and wanted to share them with you. Say, you don't look so hot. Is there a problem?"

I told her about the tough day at the office, and she nodded sympathetically.

"I think I might be able to help," she said. "I've been studying the art of massage, but I need a live body to practice on. So how about we kill two birds with one stone?"

"That sounds amazing," I replied.

I led the way into my living room. Mary Ellen told me to strip down to my bra and panties and lie on the couch.

I did exactly as I was told, stretching out on my belly while Mary Ellen went to work on me. She began at my shoulders, her fingers feeling strong yet soft on my flesh. She kneaded me like bread dough, applying just the right amount of pressure. Her magic touch was already working wonders on my sore muscles. She rubbed her way





Letters



down my back to my thighs and calves, followed by the soles of my feet. It was so soothing that I almost nodded off into dreamland.

"Time to roll over," she ordered, waking me up. "We can't neglect your front."

I didn't realize it at first, but there was a pleasing warmth between my legs. It was a combination of my excitement from the massage and from having a woman touch my body. But I still didn't think anything sexual was going on when Mary Ellen unhooked my bra and let my tits spill free.

"Nice breasts," she commented. "They're going to be quite a handful."

She touched them gently, like they were made of fragile crystal, making my entire body quiver. Now my juices were really flowing from my cunny. Then she moved down to my panties, pulling them down to my ankles. I didn't feel the least bit self-conscious about her being that close to my wet cunt.

As she massaged my upper thighs, an intrigued look appeared in her eyes as if she were enjoying

this as much as I was. "I see another part of your body is tense," she said. "I think I can take care of that, too."

She parted my thighs and brought her face closer to my box. I didn't know if she'd actually go through with it, but I was thrilled when she did, letting her tongue squirm all over my puffy mound. My naughty neighbor licked slowly and evenly, lapping up my vaginal cream. She coaxed out an even heavier flow of fluids before she thrust her tongue between my folds, stabbing at my clitoris.

"Oh God!" I moaned as she began licking excitedly, making my cunt quiver with each movement. I'd never felt sensations like that before, and I never wanted them to stop. Each wiggle of her tongue reverberated throughout my pussy, nearly making me overdose on euphoria.

Mercifully, she made me cum at last, my sweet nectar gushing onto her flapping tongue. Mary Ellen was the consummate cunnilinguist, not missing a single drop.

The rippling sensations continued for nearly a full minute. I lay there afterward, too weak to move a muscle. "I see that you're totally relaxed," she commented. "I guess my work is done. Give me a call if you ever need to unwind after a hard day at work."

"You can count on that," I said. "Maybe next time I'll return the favor."

— Frieda L., Harrisburg, PA

LICKIN' CHEERLEADERS

Being a college cheerleader gives a lot of prestige around campus. We're tight with the hunks on the football team, and let me tell you, there are loads of those.

There are 10 cheerleaders on the squad, but recently one of the girls quit, so a replacement was sought. That's how Janet ended up joining us.

She fit in well with the group, but there was something different about her. It was difficult to pinpoint it precisely, and I wondered whether it was merely my imagination getting the better of me.

I was asked to show her around the locker room after her first practice ended. I was upset about that because I had a date that evening, but I knew if I hurried I could make it with plenty of time to spare.





Janet seemed very pleasant and was most grateful that I had taken the time to assist her. But when I started undressing, I noticed her looking me over. I wore only a black bra and panties, and her steady gaze made me feel a bit uneasy.

"Has anyone ever told you that you have a nice body?" Janet suddenly asked, catching me off-guard.

"Not in so many words," I answered, feeling awkward.

"Well, you do. It's perfect," she said.

Then she took off her uniform, showing me her red lingerie. "I wish I had a body like yours," she said. "Your breasts are so firm, and you have those long legs. I bet all the guys go wild over you."

I tried to shrug off her compliments, but then she started stroking my long blond hair, commenting on how silky it was. I guess I was too shocked to react rationally. I just stood there like a statue until she pressed her ruby red lips to mine and hugged my body to hers.

I never would have believed it, but as our tongues writhed together, I found myself getting really turned on. I figured that since college was the place and time when people are supposed to experiment, I would go with the flow and see what happened.

As we kissed, Janet's fingers boldly moved down to my wet panties. She stuck her hand under the waistband and manipulated my slick pussylips, making me whimper into her mouth.

When our kiss ended, Janet sniffed her fingers, inhaling my scent.

"You smell delicious," she said seductively. "I want you." And with that statement, I was hers!

She laid me on the floor after spreading towels all over to make our impromptu bed more comfortable. She removed my panties, then dragged her tongue through my tangle of cunt hair until it came to rest on my engorged pussylips. Janet licked ravenously, collecting my goo before taking the big plunge into my slit. I felt like a virgin getting laid for the first time, and in a way, I was. This was my initiation into the world of lesbian lust, and I couldn't have asked for a better mentor. Her tongue nestled into my most intimate crevices, making my cunt sizzle with intense heat.

I clutched the back of her head as she noisily ate me out. The erotic sensations were building like the crescent-

do of a symphony. My cunt went into spasms, giving her a flood of hot juices.

When I came back to earth, I felt too weak to move. I just watched as Janet stripped and brought her pert breasts to my mouth. I kissed them all over, taking her nipples into my mouth and licking them until they became erect. Then she positioned herself on the floor, urging me to lick her pussy.

I did so cautiously, not knowing my way around, but the sounds of ecstasy leaving her lips told me that I was doing a good job. I made her climax in no time, swallowing her sweet nectar. It tasted 10 times better than a

guy's load ever did!

Afterwards, we did not want to part, so I cancelled my date for later that night and went back to Janet's dorm room.

All those jocks can go play with their own balls for all I care. Girls have more fun!

— *Serena R., Odessa, TX*

TANNED & TENDER

I'm a working woman sharing a house with two other females. We needed

a fourth, so we advertised. Cynthia moved in a few days later.

I'm a lesbian, and I don't even try to hide it. I also don't push it on other women, but Cynthia made that hard. She was 23, blond, tanned and built like a cheerleader. Seeing her ass in those tight jeans and her luscious boobs bouncing around in T-shirts with no bra made me want to peel her down to the nude and chow down on her box!

I knew the other women in the house had told her about my sexual orientation, and she didn't seem to mind. In fact, we quickly became good friends. I think she knew I wanted her, and she appre-





Letters



ciated the attention. Her ass had an extra wiggle when she knew I was watching her, and she seemed to lick her lips a lot when she smiled at me.

One rainy afternoon, we were alone in the house. I was reading in the living room and feeling horny. Earlier, I'd seen Cynthia doing aerobics on the patio in yoga pants and a tight shirt that outlined her hard nipples and showed off every contour of her cunt and ass. When I heard her upstairs showering, it was hard not to think about her lathering up that delicious body.

When she came downstairs, all she had on was a towel that would have showed her butt if she'd just bent over an inch. Kneeling by the fireplace, she finished drying her hair and began brushing it out.

Raising her arms nearly made the towel fall off of her lovely breasts. I couldn't resist making a comment about what a firm figure she had and how lucky she was to have such beautiful tits.

"I'd love to see them in the flesh," I said, giving her the once-over with my eyes.

She smiled at me and let the towel fall to her lap. "Ask and ye shall receive," she whispered.

What a sight! Her titties were smooth and round, and her nipples pink and stiff. She cupped her boobs in her hands and massaged them.

"Wanna touch them?" she said, offering them to me.

That was all I needed to hear! I got on the floor with her, pushed her hands gently aside, and started massaging her mams. Cynthia tilted her head back, closing her eyes and parting her lips. It was obvious that she wanted this all along!

I took one of her creamy breasts in my mouth and tucked her nipple between my lips, sucking it lustily. I pinched it with my teeth and flicked it with my tongue, feeling it bounce around.

As I switched to her other tit, I pulled the towel off her lap, and she spread her legs. She was now completely nude as I caressed

her blond pussy. What little hair she had down there was soft and fine. It was the most tender twat I had ever felt.

I put my arms around her and began kissing her full on the mouth, our tongues intertwining. She tasted like candy as I let one of my hands fondle her soft ass. Her skin was so smooth that I nearly wept for joy.

After laying her down on her back, I took off my own clothes. We wrapped our nude bodies together, kissing and humping. I was just loving the way all that naked female flesh felt on mine.

I gave Cynthia's pussy a few licks, and then raised her legs in the air and climbed on her in a 69 position. I then drove her nuts with my tongue, making her legs kick wildly. I could barely hold her still!

As I locked my arms around her and sucked on her puffy mound, her tongue flickered around my snatch. I found her clit at the same

time that she found mine. We devoured each other with a feverish hunger as our bodies writhed on the floor. I shot off just as her moans signaled her climax.

I found out later that it was her first time with a woman, and that she'd been hoping that I would seduce her ever since she learned that I was a lesbian. I'm teaching her everything I know, but she's such a hot piece of ass that she's thinking up new things on her own!

— Glenda P., Naples, FL

SAPPHIC STRIPPERS

On my first day as a dancer at the local strip club, I went backstage and met

a dancer named Nita. She was an exotic beauty with pouty lips, lustrous black hair and a wicked gleam in her eyes.

I confessed my nervousness to her, so she locked our dressing room door and said, "I have just the cure for that."

"What's that?" I asked.

"Take your clothes off and I'll show you."



I did as I was told, and she pulled a massive dildo out of her purse. It was about nine or 10 inches long and flesh-colored, sculpted with fake veins and a mushroom-shaped head.

Then she kissed me passionately, my fat globes squashing her teeny titties.

"Oh Nita," I moaned as she sucked on my rubbery nips. "What are you doing?"

"I'm broadening your horizons," she replied, running her hand down my belly to my swollen snatch.

I automatically spread my legs, and she rubbed my unhooded clit, easing one finger up my exposed warm cunt. I whimpered, gyrating my poon on her drilling digit. Then she got down on her knees and gently pried my enflamed petals apart, stick-ing her tongue inside my tight little slit.

Wailing insanely, I gripped a handful of her hair and pressed her face into my moist muff, working my hips wildly until I climaxed.

After I recovered, she slithered up my body to kiss me, and I saw what a mess I'd made on her lovely face.

"Let me do you now," I purred, my inhibitions gone.

We switched positions, and I crawled between her smooth thighs. Her delicate labes felt spongy on my lips, and her secretions were salty-sweet.

The more I suckled her succulent slice, the more she undulated. She eventually went so crazy that I had to cup her jacking rump or else she would have bounced out of tongue range.

Then she maneuvered me onto all fours and scooted behind my ass. I braced myself for impact as she slammed the rubber ramrod into my soaked cunt. The force knocked me forward, but I shoved back, driving the dong deeper into my sex pit.


I was crouched like a bitch in heat — my melons jiggling beneath me as Nita thrust the faux prick in and out of my wet slot. Then I got on my back and we picked up where we left off. When I came a gusher, the dildo got so slippery that Nita lost her grip on it. We tumbled into each other's arms and took turns licking my juices off the sticky toy.

"You girls about ready in there?" the stage manager hollered through the door. We scrambled to our feet and threw our

favorite lingerie on. After that lovely lesbo interlude, the performance was almost anticlimactic. The real show was backstage in the dressing room!

— Pam D., Springfield, MA





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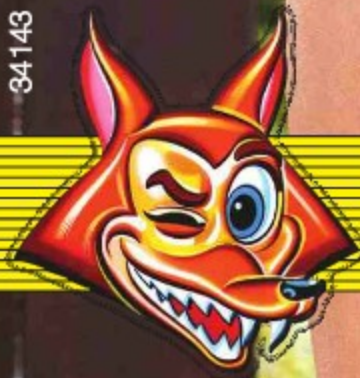
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